

9<sup>d</sup>

# Punch



Norman Mansbridge



## How B.O.A.C. takes good care of you

Travel by one of B.O.A.C.'s magnificent 4-engined airliners — and you'll quickly discover the full meaning of "*B.O.A.C. takes good care of you*". B.O.A.C. flight crews and cabin staff have over 36 years' experience behind them. On routes linking 51 countries on all 6 Continents, you'll be looked after as never before . . . served with sumptuous food and wines . . . *personally* waited on by courteous, efficient B.O.A.C. Stewards and Stewardesses whose sole aim is *your* comfort and convenience. Just fly once by B.O.A.C., and that's the way you'll *always* want to fly.

*Consult your local  
B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent  
or any B.O.A.C. office.*

**B·O·A·C** 

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

**Nigel Patrick**, famous film star and creator of the stage character "Mr. Pennyfather" is now filming in Hollywood. With him is his wife, Beatrice Campbell, who starred in "Cockleshell Heroes" and other films. For his birthday, Beatrice gave Nigel a Parker '51' with a Rolled Gold Cap.



Beatrice Campbell gave  
Nigel Patrick



a Parker '51'  
for his birthday

As a very special gift, and the most gracious compliment they can pay, famous people choose the Parker '51'. It is a cherished possession, owned and used with pride—elegantly simple in design, beautifully balanced, and made with matchless craftsmanship. Matchless, too, is the satin-smooth writing of its exclusive Plathanium nib-point, electro-polished to write always with perfect smoothness, and with a width of line that will never vary. For that very special occasion, consider this latest Parker '51' with a Rolled Gold Cap.

In a choice of black and three colours, with a nib to suit every hand.

Price: (Rolled Gold Cap) 108/-, (Rolled Silver Cap) 96/-, (Lustraloy Cap) 84/8

'51' Pen with matching '51' Ballpoint or Pencil

ROLLED GOLD CAPS £8.3.3. ★ ROLLED SILVER CAPS £7.5.3. ★ LUSTRALOY CAPS . . £6.7.9.  
Ballpoint or pencil alone 54/-, Ballpoint or pencil alone 48/-, Ballpoint or pencil alone 42/-.

**Parker '51'**

The world's most wanted pen  
GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED · BUSH HOUSE · LONDON W.C.2

**The Duofold Pen Range**  
Maxima Duofold . . . 50/-  
Senior Duofold . . . 44/3  
Duofold . . . 39/-  
Junior Duofold . . . 31/10  
Slimfold . . . 24/8

MATCHING DUOFOLD  
PENCIL . . . 21/-

**And NEW—**  
the Parker Duofold Ballpoint  
Stylized to match the famous  
Duofold Pens and in the  
same colours, 21/-

**A Parker '51' Ballpoint  
to match**

The elegant Parker '51' Ballpoint is a fitting companion to the '51' Pen. Five times the usual writing capacity, retractable, and in the same four colours as the '51' Pen.

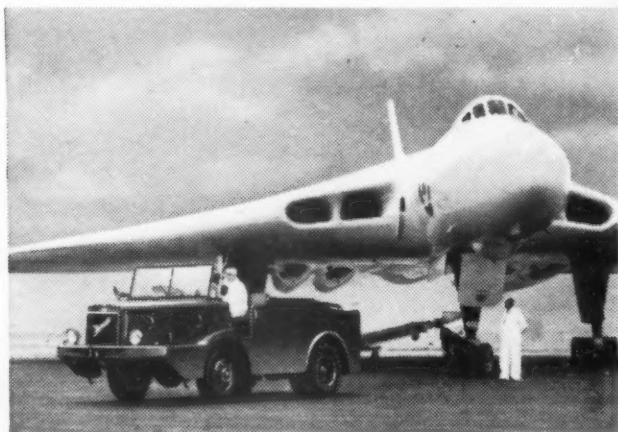
ROLLED GOLD CAP . . 54/-  
ROLLED SILVER CAP . . 48/-  
LUSTRALOY . . 42/-

Available separately or with matching '51' Pen





*For duties that demand  
the highest standard of reliability*



*The Douglas "Tugmaster" for use on airfields  
is powered by a Rolls-Royce B.80 engine*

## ROLLS-ROYCE

### Petrol Engines

With power outputs from 80 to 200 h.p., the Rolls-Royce 'B' Range petrol engines are designed for those applications which demand compactness, good power/weight ratio, and the highest standard of reliability.

Maintenance and storekeeping are simplified by the fact that 90% of the wearing parts in the 4, 6 and 8-cylinder engines are common to all three. A fully automatic transmission can also be supplied with these engines.

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, CREWE, CHESHIRE

*The*

## WIDGEON

**WESTLAND'S  
LATEST PRODUCTION**



Carrying more payload than the famous "Dragonfly", four passengers and pilot, and quickly convertible into front-opening twin-stretcher ambulance (with one attendant and pilot) this machine offers new facilities to civil operators for survey, exploration and supply line work. Full winch equipment, for rescue work, can be carried.

## WESTLAND

*the Hallmark of British Helicopters*

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LIMITED · YEovil · SOMERSET

**Glayva**  
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

Edinburgh, rich in architecture and in the natural beauty of its setting, has been called the modern Athens. It has also many distinctive arts and crafts amongst which is the making of "Glayva" a distinguished Scotch Liqueur which has made many friends far beyond its borders

**RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH**



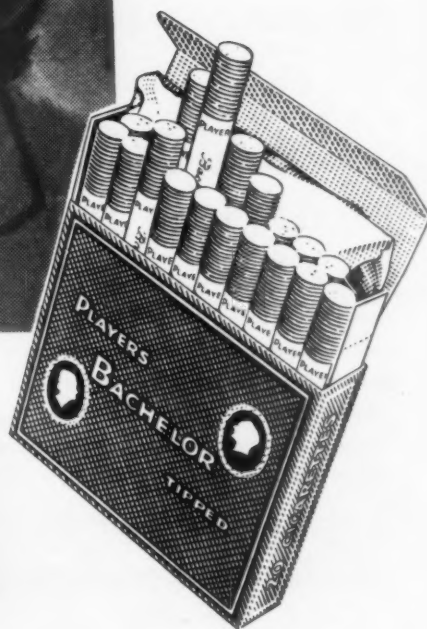
# Light up-this moment



FULL SIZE

**10** FOR  $1/7\frac{1}{2}$

**20** FOR  $3/3$



**PLAYER'S**

**BACHELOR**  
**TIPPED**

*You'll agree-they're good-very good!*

# Hand Printed TERRY TOWELLING

*\* See the complete range* **36" WIDE**



**Horrockses**  
*the Greatest Name in Cotton*



# TIPTREE GREENGAGE conserve

*Top of the Tree for FLAVOUR*



Every luscious spoonful is a delight. The fruit is kept whole, and only a few stones are left in to give a characteristic flavour. The greengages are grown on our own farms, and gathered at the peak of ripeness. Ripe fruit, pure white sugar, plus infinite skill in jam-making. That is why Tiptree Jams are so good. In 1 lb. jars

*By Appointment  
To Her Majesty The Queen  
Jam & Marmalade Manufacturers*



**WILKIN & SONS LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX**  
*Name of nearest stockist on request to Dept. 1.*

The pageantry of the past  
made gay for today

**Lister**

## CONTEMPORARY VELVETS

Here are warm, sunkissed colours from velvets that decorated the royal courts hundreds of years ago; colours rediscovered by Lister and reproduced in a new and inexpensive range of guaranteed curtain velvets. Yes, if they fade, Lister's replace! See these living, singing colours in your local shop today.

*Other Lister curtain fabrics include:*

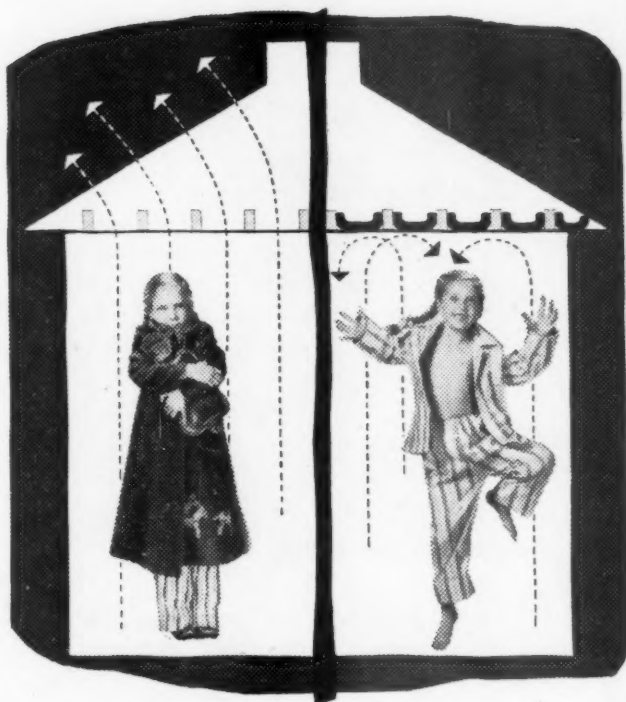
**TAPESTRIES - HOMESPUNS - BROCADES  
DAMASKS**

LISTER & CO. LTD., MANNINGHAM MILLS  
BRADFORD, YORKS



# BLEAK to COSY

without extra heating!



What's for *your* household this winter? Siberian chills or extra warmth everywhere? Fibreglass COSYWRAP insulation can change the outlook overnight. COSYWRAP acts like a teacosy and keeps your home warmer without extra heating. Lay strips of it between the ceiling joists in your attic. So easy! So do it yourself. So cheap! Only about £8 for a lifetime of cosy winters. Ask your ironmonger, store or builder's merchant for full details.



... and there are, of course,  
numerous Fibreglass applications for industry.

FIBREGLASS LIMITED, RAVENHEAD, ST. HELENS, LANCs. PHONE : ST. HELENS 4224

## Wake up



to this smart window  
decoration in **YOUR HOME!**

### Snap-back

aluminium slats. Bend them! They snap back ruler-straight, every time!

### Wipe-Clean

plastic tapes. Just wipe them with a damp cloth and even the most stubborn stains are easily removed.

### Complete closure

Overlapping of the slats permit perfect closure. You can turn day into night just by flicking the cord.

### Look for the Luxaflex mark

Be sure the blinds you specify carry the Luxaflex "visible-invisible" trade-mark on the slats.

Venetian Blinds made of Luxaflex will add more dignity and quiet beauty to your rooms. Leading architects all over the world specify them.

Prominent decorators recommend them. This is because Luxaflex Venetian Blinds blend so perfectly with any style of architecture and interior decoration. And no other window covering controls light so effectively. A slight pull on the cord gives any desired degree of light regulation and gently disperses the natural light for greater illumination efficiency throughout your rooms.

165 decorative colour combinations.

Venetian Blinds of

# Luxaflex

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK



Available from leading furnishing & department stores  
or write for further information to:

HUNTER DOUGLAS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., 162 BROMPTON  
ROAD, LONDON S.W.3. Tel. KNightsbridge 4488 & 4489



# YOU

*should bank with the*

## WESTMINSTER



The only country-wide English bank to prepare a detailed machined statement for all its customers

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

### New! A Plus-Fordham Mark 5



Patent Nos.  
66270 and 707183  
Others pending.

Available from all Pro's and Sports Dealers.



The new Plus-Fordham still folds into the smallest possible space (in even less time than before). It is still the best balanced and most easily pulled (or pushed) caddy. And it is now plus the above new features, the advantages of which are so obvious. It costs a little extra but it is worth very much more.

£7.3.0. (inclusive of tax), with White Hollow cushion tyres.

£6.13.0. (inclusive of tax), with Black Hollow cushion tyres.

### The Plus-Fordham

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LTD., DUDLEY ROAD, WOLVERHAMPTON.

### The Sign of Hospitality

*your guests  
will enjoy*

## APRY

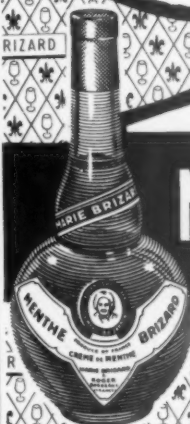
The only apricot liqueur which

preserves the whole delicate bouquet of this delicious fruit. Delectable... It is the "soul of the apricot"

### CRÈME DE MENTHE

"Frappée : Brings out the fragrance, prolongs the flavour, when poured into a glass filled with crushed ice."

On ice cream : A liberal dash of Marie Brizard adds an original and very popular touch.



## MARIE BRIZARD

The range of French Liqueurs





## End the dangerous 5 minutes and you'll get 80% less engine wear with BP Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil

**T**HE FIRST 5-10 minutes after starting from cold is when your engine wears out fastest of all. As much as 60 times faster than on normal running. The reason is that conventional oils are too thick to flow freely when cold. They don't begin to circulate and do their job until your engine is warmed up.

But there is an oil you can buy today which ends this danger completely. Its name is BP Energol 'Visco-static' and it protects your engine from the moment you touch the starter button. This is why BP Energol 'Visco-static' gives the remarkable test results of 80% less wear on cylinder bores and piston rings.

The striking difference between BP Energol 'Visco-static' and conventional oils is that its thickness varies far less between hot and cold. Even when you start up in very cold weather this oil flows freely so that all vital parts get immediate lubrication.

Yet even at full engine heat it has ample body to protect your engine.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is a multigrade oil covering the range from SAE 10W to 40. It suits all four-stroke engines in good condition and is for all-year-round use.

### Up to 12% less petrol

With BP Energol 'Visco-static' you save petrol too because there's less oil drag. On start and stop running your saving can be up to 12%. Even on longer journeys you can save up to 5%. And there's the extra benefit of easier starting.

### Do's and Don'ts for BP Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have not been using a detergent oil run 500 miles, then drain and refill again.

Don't change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' if your engine needs an overhaul. In such cases continue to use the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

### Engine much livelier, writes motorist

"With BP Energol 'Visco-static' in the sump my 1½ litre Jaguar starts as easily after standing out in winter as in summer weather. The engine is much livelier on the oil than it was before."

S. R. Wilson, Gt. Yarmouth.



**THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED**

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited



## Mustn't grumble...

...but our advertising chaps have gone too far this time. They have taken advantage of my sincere enthusiasm for Magnesium Elektron alloys, and, perhaps worse, of my deep feelings for the traditions of England.

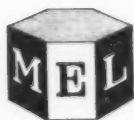
The other day I was explaining to them (in words of one syllable, of course) that Magnesium Alloys are not only the lightest structural alloys in the world, but that original research by Magnesium Elektron Limited contributed substantially to the success of Britain's first jet engine. "Got it!" was their rather pointless rejoinder, followed by a shouted, "Magnesium's as light as a feather!"

Before I could really grasp the significance of this remark I found myself in Trafalgar Square with a bag of dried peas. Our advertising chappie pointed to Nelson.

"We want a pigeon on your finger and Nelson in the background for the next Magnesium advertisement. Bring out the patriotic angle, what?"

In the resultant confusion I was induced to clamber on to one of the lions (and jolly difficult it was, too) to get the right angle for the photographer. I was so busy wondering what a pigeon had to do with Magnesium that I didn't notice a constable approaching. But I do distinctly recall our advertising wallahs shouting from a distance—"When lightness is a problem

## Magnesium Elektron is the answer



MAGNESIUM ELEKTRON LIMITED  
CLIFTON JUNCTION MANCHESTER  
London Office: 21 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.1.  
In U.S.A.: MAGNESIUM ELEKTRON, INC. NEW YORK 20



## Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches

NEVER before have the great men of the age been so well known to their contemporaries as today. News of almost all their words and actions is flashed round the world in seconds. Their faces and voices are made daily familiar to us in newspaper photographs, on the radio, in films and on television. We are intensely aware not only of their importance but also of their personalities. Their impact is enormous on us as well as on world events.

It would not be fitting to name them here, for they include royalty, the heads of States, great statesmen, and service chiefs. But there is one unusual thing we invite you to look at when you next see them or their pictures—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely bear the name of Rolex.

Accustomed though they are to the very best, these eminent men are nevertheless amazed at the accuracy and reliability of their Rolex watches. Rolex are proud that they quickly take these qualities for granted.



# ROLEX

*A landmark in the history of Time measurement*

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Founder and Chairman)  
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1



The illustration depicts a hand in a suit sleeve pointing its index finger at a playing card. The card is the Ace of Spades, which features a silhouette of an airplane. Below it is the Six of Spades, also featuring airplane silhouettes. To the left, another card with an airplane symbol is partially visible. In the upper right, another hand in a suit sleeve holds a thick deck of cards. The overall theme is the contrast between 'groundwork' (represented by the cards and the engine) and 'guesswork'.

## Groundwork not guesswork

We prefer to advance into the future through the problems of the present, rather than to by-pass them by guesswork, however brilliant. In this way we build our aircraft engines on an ever-broadening basis of experience, and in this way such engines as the Sapphire—power unit of thirteen front-line aircraft—have been evolved. By applying an inexhaustible curiosity, combined with infinitely methodical approach, to the continuous development of these proven types, we not only meet the needs of today's aircraft, but anticipate those of tomorrow's.



A detailed illustration of an Armstrong Siddeley aero engine, showing its complex internal components and external casing.

**ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY AERO ENGINES**  
**ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY, COVENTRY & BROCKWORTH**  
*Members of the Harker Siddeley Group*



The logo is a circular emblem featuring a stylized 'A' and 'S' intertwined, representing the company's heritage.



### some thoughts on fertility...

The things Wilmot Breeden make (with the exception of that old friend, your ignition key) are essentially anonymous. And properly so. A car, after all, is a car—not just an inspired collection of Wilmot Breeden components held together by a few extras like a chassis and an engine.

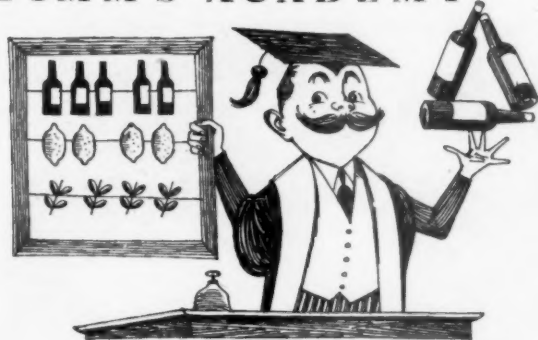
It is important, however, to realise the extent to which certain components—such as bumpers, and most decidedly locking mechanisms and handles—have become a special study. As manufacturers, Wilmot Breeden are faithful con-

tributors to an entity which does not bear their name. As specialists, they are ceaselessly cross-fertilising their ideas with those of their customers, with the result that year by year Wilmot Breeden research is a factor in the steady overall development of the automobile.

Dramatic development? Not necessarily. But consistent... and consistently pursued in their very well equipped research establishment. Which helps to explain why *virtually every British car on the roads today owes some part to Wilmot Breeden.*



## PIMM'S ACADEMY

LESSON No. 1 *Arithmetic*

ADD UP the precious pints of Pimm's No. 1 that can be made from one beatific bottle, take away the number you first thought of, and there's still enough to keep a party going for several hours (or even days). Pimm's is an eternal triangle with gin as its base. The delightful side-effects are produced by Continental liqueurs and fizzy lemonade.\* A slice of lemon, a sprig of borage—and it all adds up to the most heavenly drink on earth (easily).

\* The liqueurs, like the gin, are already 'built-in' to Pimm's; but the fizzy lemonade isn't, of course. So don't forget to buy a few bottles of that to go with your Pimm's. Then you'll get 10 out of 10 for your party.

# PIMM'S NO.1 CUP

the most heavenly drink on earth

THIS **New**  
**SUPER BLADE**  
outshaves - outlasts  
all others!

**ROLLS  
RAZOR**  
THE-BETTER-THAN-EVER  
**ONE-BLADE  
SAFETY**

Better than Ever!  
That's the sensational news about the Rolls Razor. A brilliantly conceived new manufacturing process ensures an even keener cutting edge giving smoother, more luxurious shaves, with a still longer shaving-life! No razor—not even a Rolls!—ever brought you such fast, close and economical shaving.

Honed and stropped in its case, the new process hollow-ground blade of Sheffield steel gives years of speedy luxurious shaving and saves pounds on blade-buying! Price 65/- complete, or in smart Pouch Set with extra blade 90/7. Prices include P.T. and apply in U.K. only. The New Super Blade has already inspired numerous glowing testimonials from delighted customers.

Now's the time to invest in a  
**ROLLS RAZOR**

THE WORLDS FINEST SHAVING INSTRUMENT

Descriptive leaflet from Dept. D.17, ROLLS RAZOR LTD., London, N.W.2.  
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only.)



## Learn the French\* they speak in France



You can take part in the conversation around you and make new and interesting friends.



You will be able to wander where you like off the beaten track.



Shopping will present no difficulties when you know what to ask for and how much it ought to cost.

TO LEARN a language really well you must hear the rhythm, the lilt, of the everyday speech of ordinary people. Linguaphone teaches you by this quick, thorough, effortless method.

You learn by listening to the voices of distinguished speakers and professors on specially prepared Linguaphone records, following the words in the illustrated textbook. In half the usual time, this method enables you to speak, read and write the language—and, above all, to understand it when spoken. There is no formal learning. From the start you are thrown into the conversational atmosphere of the boulevard, the café and the stage. Put in fifteen minutes a day and in a few months you can express yourself freely in the language of your choice.

Find out all about this unique, modern method of language learning. Post the coupon below. Full particulars will be sent by return.

## LINGUAPHONE FOR LANGUAGES

★ 32 languages including

FRENCH ☐ GERMAN ☐  
ITALIAN ☐ SPANISH ☐

Other language(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Put a cross against the language and give your reason for learning.

Reason \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

(BLOCK CAPS)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TO THE LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE (Dept. J.3.),  
Linguaphone House, 207 Regent St., London, W.1

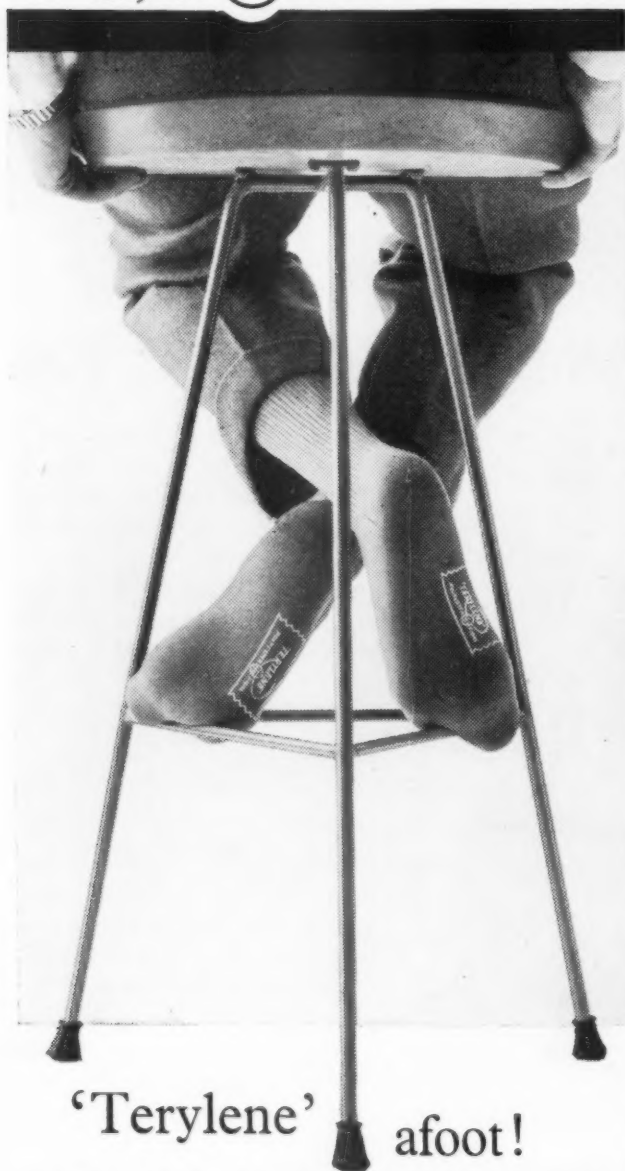
Please send me (post free) your 26-page book about Linguaphone, and details of the Week's Free Trial Offer.

I am specially interested in (underline whatever applies)  
Travel, Business, Literature, Science, Service with H.M. Forces, Adults Examinations, Foreign Service, School Children, Very Young Children.

I have/have not a gramophone.

'TERYLENE'

Polyester ICI Fibre



'Terylene' afoot!

It's a genial fact that 'Terylene' socks look as good and feel as pleasant as conventional socks — some think more so — yet keep their shape and original size through countless washings; dry swiftly; scorn darning. Such courteous behaviour gives you *teryleneity*: the calm assurance of the well-socked man.

teryleneity ahead!

100% spun 'Terylene' socks — ask for your size; and the new 'Stretch' 'Terylene' socks — they stretch to fit you snugly. Mention your usual size.

'Terylene' is the trademark for the polyester fibre made by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.



Who is *this* man of the world? The badge from his blazer is the clue.

## Men of the World — all the World over

prefer the Perfect Hairdressing

Yes, Brylcreem, with massage, aids the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil, thus relieving dandruff and dryness. Brylcreem's special emulsion grooms without greasing—and without stiffening the hair. Like world famous sportsmen, use Brylcreem—it's *all* your hair needs for health and appearance. Tubs 1/10½, 2/10 and 5/-; handy tubes 2/10.

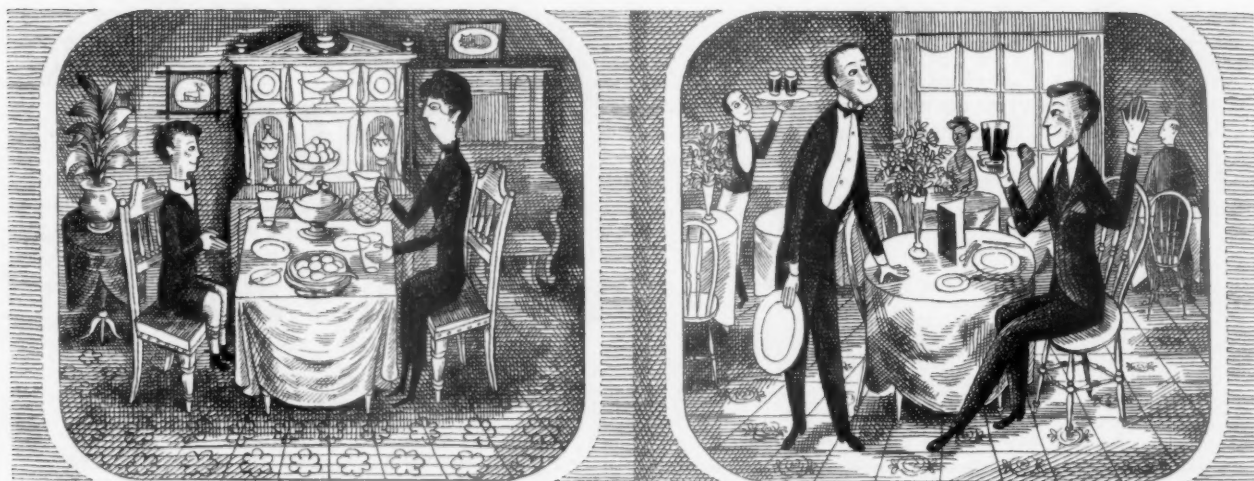


# BRYLCREEM

for every style of hair

# Obedient Albert

*A Highly Moral Tale*



Young Albert was an orphan lad,  
No loving parents Albert had ;  
A maiden Aunt looked after him,  
And she was very strict and prim.

Till he was twenty-one years old,  
Young Albert did as he was told ;  
He read improving kinds of books,  
And never entered pastry-cooks.

He carried out his Aunt's advice :—  
“Don't ever eat and drink what's nice  
(As self-indulgent people do)  
But only what is good for you.”

So once when he went out to dine,  
He told the waiter : “Bring no wine,  
No coffee, ginger-beer or tea —  
Bring something that is good for me.”

The waiter bowed and went away,  
And brought back on a little tray  
A brimming glass with creamy head ;  
“This must be what you want,” he said.

Young Albert raised it to his lips,  
And took a few inquiring sips ;  
And soon a kind of holy joy  
Lit up the features of the boy.

“What is this beverage?” he cried ;  
“Guinness,” the serving-man replied ;  
“Then Guinness” Albert vowed “shall be  
The only beverage for me!”

MORAL: *The moral is  
that even cranks  
Occasionally  
earn our thanks.*

**LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS**

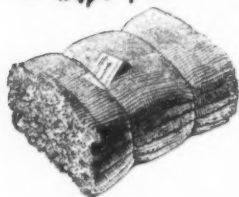


## "The Leeming service suits us very well"

### THE MANAGING DIRECTOR

I heard about these Leeming people in a casual conversation at the Club, and I made it my business to enquire what we were spending at the works on rags for cleaning machinery. I was astounded!

When I found the kind of firms who were using the Leeming service it didn't take us long to decide to cut out rags altogether, and now we get without any trouble a regular weekly delivery of clean, really clean, cloths, and they take the dirty ones away and don't charge for losses either!

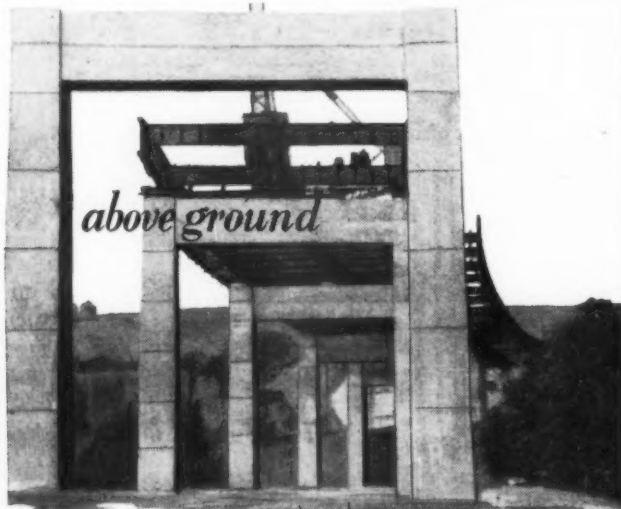


**Leeming Brothers**  
*Limited*

SALFORD · 3 · LANC'S  
TEL: MANCHESTER BLACKFRIARS 2561 (5 LINES)

*May we send you samples and particulars?*

LB112



*above ground*

*and below*

Cleveland's engineers are building structures which are designed to withstand the passage of time. Deep foundation work is a Cleveland speciality and is an integral part of the modern science of heavy structural engineering. To whatever depth or to whatever height - in any part of the world - Cleveland engineering means enduring strength.

**CLEVELAND**

*Builders of Bridges & Fabricators of all types of structural steelwork*

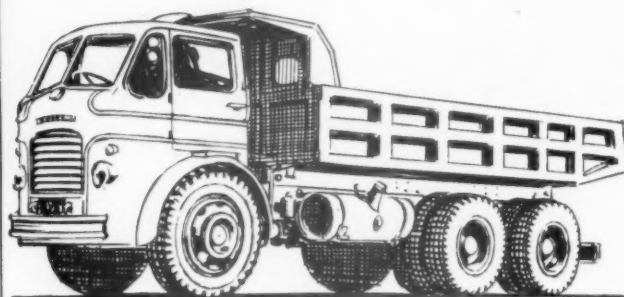


**Wot, me an amphibian? Not likely!**

"I'm not one of those pachyderma with 4-toed phalangigrade feet wallowing in the steamy Limpopo and biting boats in half. They're my African namesakes . . . and no good to anyone either. As a matter of fact, I know Africa as well as they do, for all my being British born and bred, because we Leyland Hippo six-wheelers are doing tough transport jobs there, as well as all over the world.

Thirteen to fourteen tons is my payload, or pretty nearly double that figure with trailer. But you'd scarcely credit that I carry along nicely for 14 miles on just one gallon of fuel, and often travel 250,000 miles between overhauls. Ask any Hippo operator . . . he'll tell you.

Well, 'bye now! I've got another 15 years' work in front of me!"



**Leyland** *FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT*

LEYLAND MOTORS LTD. LEYLAND LANCS ENGLAND  
Sales Division: HANOVER HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1



# SEPTEMBER

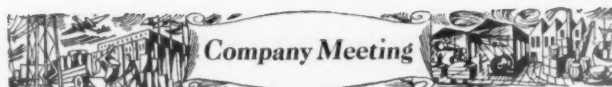
## *The Hinge of the Year*

THE GOOD RESOLUTIONS which we make on New Year's Day prove sadly perishable. September would be a better month than January in which to make them. It is the hinge on which the whole year turns. On the farms the harvest ends, and from the schools and universities a fresh crop goes to the winnowers. It is a spacious month, in which processes overlap without competing and things do not jostle each other. The days are long, and the umpires on one side of the sports ground do not start thinking about the tea-interval when they hear the referee blow his whistle for half-time on the other. As the plough bites into the dun stubbles the tractor driver remembers the vanished stooks, and the slow, urgent, uncertain struggle to get them in, in rather the same comfortable way that a reader, beginning at his leisure a new chapter, remembers the painfully exciting end of the one before it. Leaves have not begun to fall upon the lawn, nor invitation cards to clutter up the mantelpiece. September is a time for readjustment if not for reorientation, for sorting things out if not for reforming them altogether. It is the month when our decisions to give up this or to take up that are least likely to end, unfulfilled, on the compost-heap of remorse; but it will be prudent to see that they are sensible decisions, free (for instance) from any undertakings regarding cold baths or going for a run before breakfast.



*For those who are concerned about the future of dependants there can be no more prudent decision than a resolve to enlist the wise and friendly aid of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company. Any branch of the Midland Bank will gladly put you in touch with the Company.*

**MIDLAND BANK  
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE CO. LTD.**



## THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD.

The 79th Annual General Meeting of The Distillers Company Limited will be held in the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, on Friday the 14th day of September, 1956, at 12.30 p.m.

The following are excerpts from the statement by the Chairman, Sir Henry J. Ross, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1956:

The trading profit, after depreciation, for the year to 31st March, 1956, is £19,584,795, which is an improvement on last year of £1,503,208, and confirms the indication given when the interim dividend was declared. The year's trading throughout the Group has been active, and these satisfactory results reflect the contributions of all our various divisions, although the increased profit this year has been derived principally from our Scotch Whisky and Gin interests, to which I will refer in greater detail later. At this point, however, I would say that your Board, having given careful consideration to the question of publication of separate figures for the profits earned in the various sections of the Company's business, adheres to its view that the provision of such information would not serve any useful purpose. As a general comment, I may say that the greater proportion of our total earnings is attributable to the Whisky and Gin Companies, but on the other hand, our industrial and general operations are satisfactory and profitable. Many of our new industrial developments and extensions have only been installed during recent years, and I am satisfied that, conforming as they do to a logical pattern of industrial development in the United Kingdom and overseas, they should contribute steadily improved results in the future.

After deducting interest on loans, the profit from all sources is £20,311,430, out of which we have to provide £10,484,301 for taxation. Deducting the proportion of the balance attributable to minority interests in Subsidiary Companies, £617,260, the net profit of the Company is £9,209,869, compared with £7,873,409 for the previous year.

You will observe that there is a substantial credit of £1,706,382 "below the line" for taxation adjustments in respect of earlier years. I am glad to report that the Group's position in relation to the Excess Profits Tax imposed during the war has now been agreed, and this credit is mainly due to settlement of our claim for deferred repairs and renewals. I should perhaps mention that it has also been agreed with the Inland Revenue that the Group is not liable to the Excess Profits Levy which operated during some of the post-war years.

Your Directors have decided to write down certain investments in Subsidiaries and Trade Investments. After applying £1,121,017 in this way, and dealing with one or two minor matters, the amount available for appropriation is £9,948,442, compared with £8,467,350 last year.

Your Directors feel that, in view of these improved results, a moderate increase should be made in the dividend paid to our Ordinary Shareholders, of whom we now have about 100,000. They therefore recommend that the final dividend on the Ordinary Capital should be at the rate of nine and one-fifth pence per share, which, with the interim already paid, makes one shilling and twopence per share for the year, equivalent to 17½%, compared with 16½% last year. Of the remainder, the Board has transferred £2,697,500 to augment the General Reserve of the Company, leaving £158,169 to be added to the amount brought forward from the previous account.

### SCOTCH WHISKY

Although our Malt distilleries were scheduled to operate at full capacity, production was unfortunately somewhat curtailed by shortage of water, due to the abnormally low rainfall. The opening of the Malt Whisky distilling season was accordingly delayed and, for the same reason, production had again to be reduced at certain distilleries in May and June of the current year. On the other hand, our Grain distilleries were able to operate normally, so that over all it may be said that production was reasonably satisfactory.

### GIN

As regards Gin, there are no aspects which call for special comment at this time, other than to report that our Companies are making excellent progress, and enjoying increased home and export sales. This section of our organization plays a valuable part in our over-all economy.

The plant of The Distillers Company Limited, Delaware, at Linden, New Jersey, U.S.A., continues to operate at full capacity, and sales for the year were substantially in excess of the record established in 1954.

In South Africa, our Gin establishment at Isando, Transvaal, is also developing in an encouraging manner, with sales showing a substantial increase over the preceding twelve months.

### INDUSTRIAL GROUP

The Industrial Group has made satisfactory progress during the past year in face of strong competition as regards certain products and despite the higher cost of raw materials and labour. We have endeavoured, through improved processes and efficiencies, to absorb the major part of these increases and keep our prices stable. Whilst inevitably there has been some contraction in margins, the over-all profit earned corresponds closely to that of last year.



## EUROPE IN PERSchwepptive

Last comes our surprise report from SPAIN. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschwepptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he “found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship.”



But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschwepptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospwepts.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



## CHARIVARIA

ONE of many expert commentators on Egyptian policy points out that the Suez take-over is only one plank in it. Others will depend on whether the West agrees to walk this one.

### No Change

PERHAPS the *Daily Worker* failed to hit on the happiest of arguments in trying to prop a flagging circulation with the question "What would have been the position if there had been no 'Daily Worker' during . . . the Suez Canal crisis?" Defaulting subscribers had obviously asked themselves this already.

### Old Lag

BUSINESS men, reading that an exhibition of office appliances in Southampton will include a machine to open envelopes at 500 a minute, and



seal up replies at 300 a minute, are relieved to know that pending trays will be with us for some time yet.

### Brighter Later

RECORD road accident statistics published last week roused the *Times*

motoring correspondent to an attack on the system of compiling the figures, which swells them to their imposing proportions by including minor injuries. Some revised method certainly seems desirable. If, for a start, nothing less than a broken limb were allowed to qualify for inclusion, progressive tightening-up might in time reduce annual casualties to a mere five thousand or so—all killed.

### Just Fit to Print

THE silly season tapered off neatly last week with the report that Britain



has attacked South African markets with a machine for measuring giraffes' breath.

### World, Press and Devil

AMONG the most harassed people in London just now is the alpaca-coated Civil Servant on the ground floor of Somerset House who heaves on the little lift bringing leather-bound records of wills up from the basement; running him close are the few visiting bereaved, anxious to test the validity of earthly

promises or investigate the veracity of lawyers, who find themselves trampled underfoot by rushing young men with notebooks, a two o'clock deadline, and editorial instructions to get something hot on practically any old lady dead during the past fifteen years in Eastbourne.

### Granted

MUCH is being made of the truculent demands of Mr. Mintoff. In fact nothing could be more timid and apologetic than his request for "the same standard of living as the British."

### Mud to Mud

CRICKETERS are less saddened than usual this year by the seasonal change-over to football. It seems to mean little more than one sort of pool giving place to another.

### If You Have Tiers . . .

STANDARD MOTORS' proposal to back a rental scheme which will put two



thousand more cars on the road every month is reported to have caused no complaints at either the Board of Trade

1917	1956
shirt with two collars — 12s. 6d.	shirt with two collars — 45s.
ten cigarettes — 4d.	ten cigarettes — 1s. 11d.
three-piece suite — £25	three-piece suite — £120
man's linen handkerchief — 8d.	man's linen handkerchief — 3s.
one dozen vintage champagne — £3. 10s.	one dozen vintage champagne — £18
PUNCH — 6d.	PUNCH — 6d.

For thirty-nine years we have kept the price of PUNCH at sixpence. Continuously rising costs have at last forced us to raise it. From this issue, the price of PUNCH is ninepence. New subscription rates are given at the foot of page 290.

or the Treasury. There is no news yet of feelings at the Ministry of Transport, which will have to find some road to put them on.

### No Truth in It

FOREIGN Office experts have been annoyed by a number of false reports about British destroyers and other naval craft massing menacingly at various Mediterranean ports. Admiralty officials, totting up the quantity of effective shipping mentioned in these accounts, have been merely wistful.

### News to Everyone

"THE Princess is very likely reading this at the same time as you are," says the *Daily Express*, introducing its latest royal disclosures. And finding it just as enlightening?

### Call to Arms

VETERANS of the Desert campaign, back in the Middle East, are more alarmed than intrigued by the Cairo announcement that Egyptian dancing-girls are forming an army battalion "in case fighting starts in Suez." This means our men have not only to worry about being shot at, but recognized.

### For Older Readers

THE rocks that blocked the Brenner  
Were lamentably late,  
They had, it's clear,  
The right idea,  
But slipped up on the date.



"Undoubtedly the surprise of this year's Show is Wing Commander Fitzhugh's wife with Emily Wendover's husband..."

## THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

WHO would have thought that a boy from the  
Dragons would,  
Deaf to the lure of traditional creeds,  
Choosing to stand as a Socialist candidate,  
Sit for the Southern division of Leeds?

Gravestones of Gaitskells in churchyards at Cheltenham  
Tell of his forbears of forbears bereft.  
Little those ancestors guessed a career for him  
Only a bit to the centre of Left.

Who would moreover have thought of a Wykehamist  
Turning to scorn the conventional rule,  
Taking no notice whatever of Haileybury,  
Sending his children to Oundle to school?

Natural enough perhaps, if you consider it  
Logically, calmly consider the whole  
Story of L.S.E., Laski and Dalton and  
Fabians and G. D. and Margaret Cole.

Natural enough perhaps, if you consider it,  
He should have come to such curious views.  
Those were the days when in cloisters at New College  
Crossman on Plato was nine o'clock news.

Those were the days when believing in anything—  
Not to have "answers" was thought to be odd—  
Seemed to be both advantageous and fashionable,  
Only so long as it wasn't in God.

Those were the days when the '26 General Strike  
Sent, with their battle flag firmly unfurled,  
Second-year men for no cause in particular  
Motoring off to the end of the world.

'Tisn't so odd perhaps then, when you think of it—  
One person's poison's another man's meat—  
He should have chosen to go into Parliament,  
Nor that the Party should find him a seat.

What was more odd was his progress phenomenal,  
Rising so quick to the top of the tree—  
Only ten years and then only three Parliaments—  
*Facile princeps* from simple M.P.

Where is Nye Bevan? and where's Herbert Morrison?  
Griffiths and Robens and Wilson? All spilled,  
And the great tasks that they felt themselves called to do  
By little Hugh not so badly fulfilled.

Not half so bad? He was not a bad Chancellor—  
Preached and enforced a degree of restraint—  
Apt to explain things—perhaps a bit donnishly—  
Are what they are, and are not what they ain't.

Where will it end at last? As to that who can say?  
Downing Street Stakes (last quotation) show odds  
Just a bit better than evens. The Starting Price  
Rests on the putative knees of the gods.

C. H.





# Behind the Iron Counter

By INEZ HOLDEN

"A YEAR ago I should have jumped at you." This was the answer of Mr. Prout, the manager, when I applied, with my learned friend Laura, for a job in his Department Store.

It was difficult to imagine Mr. Prout, with his well-polished but slightly stub-toed shoes, ever leaving the ground floor, where he had such a down-to-earth manner of staring at price-tabs through his well-balanced pince-nez. Nevertheless he repeated, "I should have jumped at you a year ago, but to-day we have our full complement of personnel." He coughed nervously and added "I suppose you wouldn't consider going over to our other Store. I'm afraid there's a very different class

of customer there, more what you might call the average consumer, and of course a cheaper class of goods, though, mind you, it's lovely merchandise. But the other Store started out as a Sixpenny Bazaar, so naturally it doesn't have the same tone as this, and the young ladies we employ are a better type altogether. But I mustn't start talking about our Department Store or I shall get quite carried away."

We hastened to tell Mr. Prout, as tactfully as we could and while he was still there, that neither of us had any particular interest in class, tone, expensive merchandise or even in meeting lady-like sales assistants.

So Laura and I went over to the other Store, where she started work on the Art Silk Slips counter while I got a job selling knitted jerseys.

I had known Laura since childhood days but for some time had not found her stimulating as far as ordinary social life was concerned. Her subject, which was Higher Mathematics, was so far outside my own field of interest that it seemed to me, at times, as if learned Laura's conversation had moved on beyond intelligible words, figures, or even shapes into the realms of the "Higher-Bosh." However, she already had two degrees and was now writing some elaborate thesis and reading and studying for her doctorate. Her need to earn money while she was doing this synchronized with my own situation while I was writing a novel.

As it seemed to me, we had been brought together by a mutual need for some sort of occupational therapy with pay.

In the Store canteen, at mealtimes, Laura now took to talking "shop" about the shop. So did our colleagues, but they tended to throw in a few remarks concerning their preoccupations outside the Store.

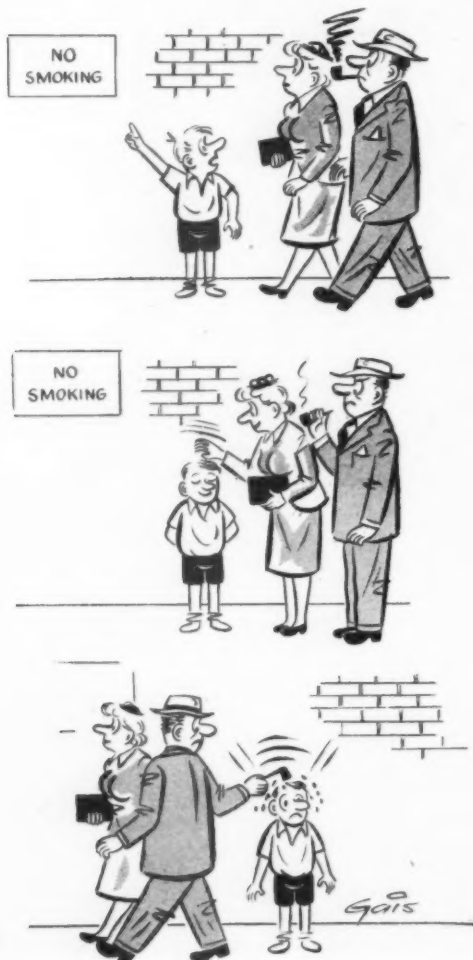
Laura appeared anxious to solve the problem of Mrs. Harker, the Store detective. Mrs. Harker arrived each morning as the Store opened, disguised as "an average shopper," and it was Laura's contention that Mrs. Harker had become such a caricature of the average shopper that there could be no average shopper anywhere who would not instantly recognize Mrs. Harker as a store detective.

A girl called Marilyn Jones, who worked on the false jewellery counter, said "Oh, well, old Hark's not as dumb as she looks. If there were no thieves she wouldn't have no job, would she, so I don't suppose she wants to stop the stealing."

"If I took a pair of stockings off a counter and trailed it along the floor would she come after me?" Laura asked.

Mrs. Davis, Laura's colleague on the Art Silk counter, laughed on a high note, without giving an answer. "The colours that have come in this week are blue, pink, dusty brown, dingy grey and pale green," she said. "The trade names for these shades are sky, strawberry, pyramid, elephant and apple. It's a lot of trouble memorizing all that. When I was walking home with Doris last night an American came up to us and said 'Do you like chicken?' and Doris said 'Yes,' and then he said 'Well take a wing,' and he put his arms out like this." Mrs. Davis turned her hands inwards and her elbows outwards. "So he went right on down to Piccadilly with us two girls hanging on to his arms on either side. Of course it was quite all right because he was an officer, we could tell that by the cut of his pants and also by the insignia on his shoulders."

Doris, who worked on the Café Bar, said "And when we got to the Circus we asked him to wait for us while we went down into the Tube Station, so of course when we came up the other side he was separated from us by the traffic, which was our intention." She sighed.





"Next: Yes, you have studied the Highway Code."

"Mr. Prout came in to-day with Sir Prior Headlum."

"Who's that?" Laura asked.

"That's the owner of this Store and the Department store. And after he'd gone Mr. Prout said 'The Café Bar's improved a lot but I could see Sir Prior wasn't satisfied with the Hot Plate.'" Doris shrugged her thin shoulders. "There's a place in the Waterloo Road where you can get tattooed for four shillings and sixpence. I'm going next week to have a picture of a serpent put on my right arm and if I win on the Pools I'll get them to write 'Granny' on the left arm as well."

A girl who was called "Blackie," not because she was dark but because her name was Mrs. Black, said "I wish I could go back to Racks—I've never been happy since I was on Hosiery." Racks was the corner of the Store where blouses, hanging up on coat-hangers, were sold. "Nothing ever happens on

Hosiery," Blackie said. "On Racks there was always plenty of pilfering by the public, sometimes shoppers used to get away with four or five blouses and the coathangers as well and you couldn't never see how they did it." She smiled. "Shocking, wasn't it?" Then she said "Last week I met a young feller at a tea dance but I didn't like him, and when he asked for my 'phone number I didn't know what to do so I gave him my Mum's Co-Op number."

This went on for some weeks, the work in the Store and the conversation in the canteen and the real work at home in the evenings. But I left before Laura because I managed to get some money from my publisher.

I did not see my learned friend Laura again until I happened to hear that she had been given some academic award for writing a thesis so abstruse that there were only half a dozen people in existence who could understand it,

I went round to congratulate her. I reached the Store just before closing time. Laura had been moved from the Art Silk knickers to a curious counter selling sweet biscuits and pastries.

As I arrived I heard the woman in charge of this counter saying to Laura, in quite a kindly voice, "I won't give you anything difficult to do to-morrow, dear, like the fruit cake."

## Adolescence

THE small, neurotic nations  
Their manhood must assuage.  
They tear themselves from Mother  
And trail their coats and rage.  
But once they've smashed the Image,  
Either they grow to men  
And cherish smaller peoples,  
Or sink right back again.

R. G. G. PRICE



HARGREAVES.

## Comfy in the Mortuary

By RICHARD GORDON

I AM sorry that the recent White Paper on *The Planning of Mortuaries and Post-Mortem Accommodation* didn't attract the attention of the lay press. It is really an important social document, indicating that the Government falters in its responsibility of looking after us the whole way from the cradle to the grave. It was left to the *British Medical Journal* alone to complain about the present state of our mortuaries, pointing out the superiority of clerestory windows over a studio roof, of terrazzo to composition floors, and other improvements so immaterial to the main occupants of the building.

At present, British pathologists are condemned to work in peculiar Victorian dungeons tucked away at the back of hospitals between the laundry and the matron's garden. They are a band of specialists more misunderstood than neglected, so often described by their more vital colleagues as "Rude men who smoke pipes and spit in their sinks." They carry odd things in their suitcases in bottles, and find the Edgar Allan Poe atmosphere of their work-places no more unusual than a Harley Street consulting-room. Indeed, they are always pitifully eager to show you round, and it is impossible to visit any of the more enterprising ones who appear at fashionable trials without being pressed to "Have a dekho at the tea-chest murder victim in drawer number six."

Behind the pathologist, who is always on the side of the doctor, stands the coroner, who generally isn't. You will come under the coroner's jurisdiction if you die in unusual circumstances or in gaol, find buried treasure, or start a fire in the City of London. Coroners are a most ancient legal body once concerned with wrecks, sturgeons, and royal fish as well, but their job now concentrates on its more depressing functions, lightened only by their recreation of passing wise-after-the-sad-event remarks about doctors.

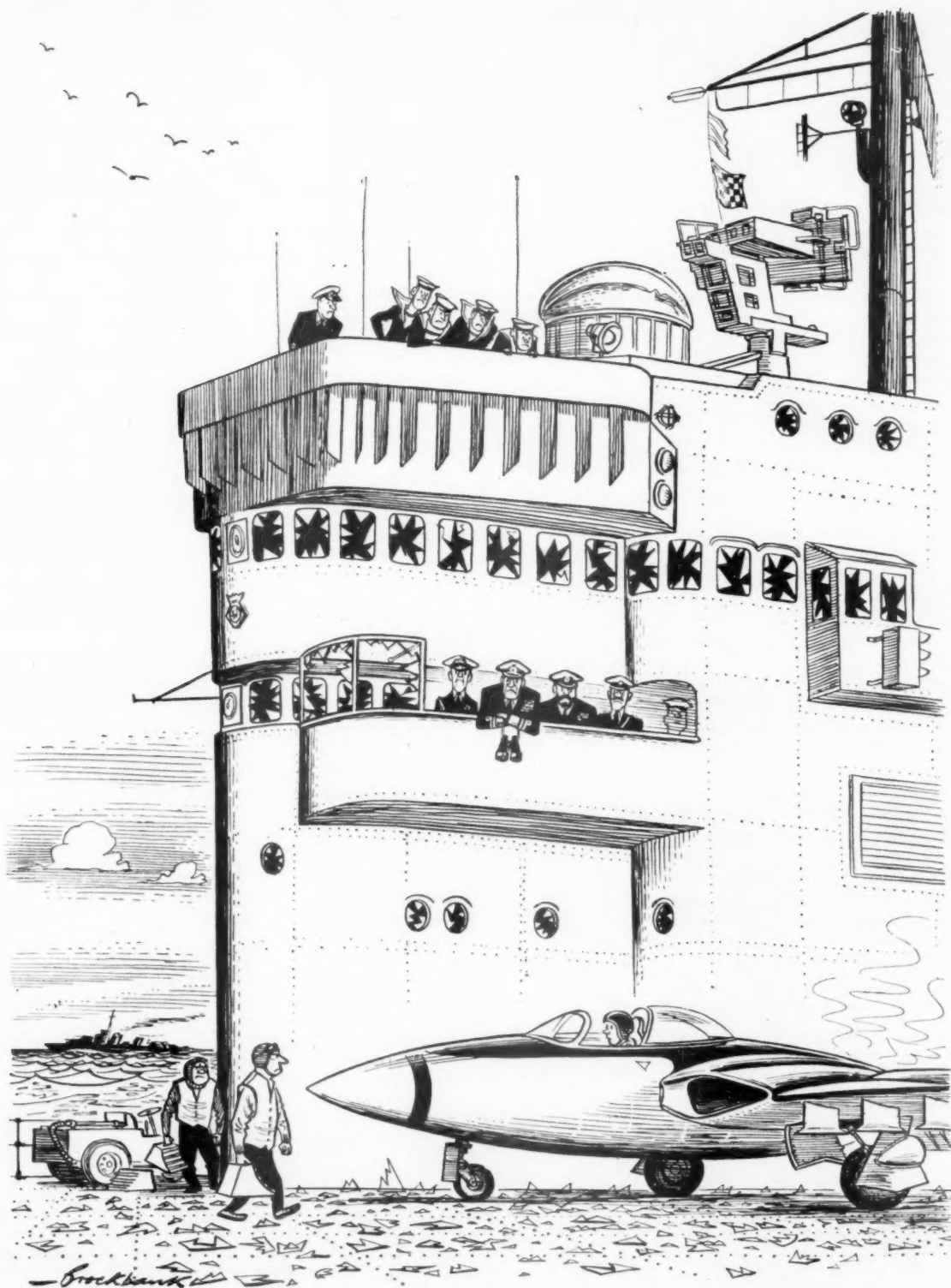
But English inquests, however severely reported in the papers, are generally cosy affairs. Many of them are held in pubs. Most are informal gatherings in small, dark oak rooms in the Town Hall, where an air of melancholy expectancy suggests the relatives gathered to hear the will. The coroner arrives as quietly as the family solicitor, and you half expect the policeman to pass round with a tray of sherry.

The proceedings are short and generally inaudible, except when someone declares that as a relative of The Deceased he wasn't satisfied with the medical treatment. This gives the coroner an opportunity to air his views on such things as counting swabs in operating theatres, though he probably hasn't been inside one in his life. Only a minority of coroners are medically qualified, the doctors among them being

understandably much kinder. At my own hospital the senior surgeon, clearly a believer in better the devil you dine with than the devil you don't, charmed his coroner so thoroughly that complaining relatives were told severely The Deceased was lucky ever to be admitted to such an excellent institution as ours at all. This was an encouragement at my earlier inquests, which like all young doctors I could never help attending without involuntary feelings of surrendering to my bail.

The third member of the necropsy team is less well known to the public. Every mortuary must have its attendant—a big, cheerful man in a long red rubber apron, a true inheritor of the Burke and Hare ideal, who buys his pint with the odd shillings traditionally passed on from the doctor's post-mortem guineas, and drinks it to tales which make the Sunday papers read like nature notes. It is pleasant to think that such essential functionaries of the Welfare State may shortly enjoy an improvement in their working conditions. But, as the *British Medical Journal* admits, "These buildings do not have the publicity appeal of new infant welfare clinics or mass X-ray machines." Winning the electorate with promises of better post-mortem accommodation for all hasn't occurred to either political party, though it could provide a neat illustration of Equality which the Tories could hardly object to.





# Footnotes

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I AM not, I think,<sup>1</sup> an irascible man, but after reading a number of recent biographies and volumes of essays I am feeling pretty sore and not in a mood to be put upon much longer.<sup>2</sup> It seems to me that it is high time<sup>3</sup> that something was done about these footnotes which biographers and essayists keep strewing through their pages as if they were ploughing the fields and scattering the good seed o'er the land.<sup>4</sup> I see no reason for them. I was skimming through Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* the other day, and he manages to fill four fat volumes without a single footnote. If Carl can do it, why can't the rest of the boys?

Frank Sullivan, the American writer,<sup>5</sup> has already raised his voice<sup>6</sup> on this subject, being particularly severe on the historian Gibbon for his non-cricket practice of getting you all worked up about the vices of the Roman emperors and then switching you off to a Latin footnote which defies translation for the ordinary man who forgot all the Latin he ever knew back in 1920 or thereabouts.

I know just how Frank feels. It is the same with me. When I read a book I am like someone strolling across a level lawn, thinking how pleasant it all is, and when I suddenly come on a (1) or a (2) at the end of a paragraph, it is as though I had stepped on the teeth of a rake and had the handle come up and hit me between the eyes. I stop dead and my eyes flicker and swivel. I tell myself that this time I will not be fooled into looking at the footnote, but

I always am, and it nearly always maddens me by beginning with the word "see." "See the *Reader's Digest*, April 1950," says one writer on page 7 of his latest work, and again on page 181 "See the *Reader's Digest*, October 1940." How do you mean "See" it, my good fellow? Are you under the impression that I am a regular subscriber to the *Reader's Digest* and save up all the back numbers and count them over, every one apart, my rosary, my rosary? Let me tell you that if in the waiting-room of my dentist or some such place my eye falls on a copy of this little periodical, I wince away from it like a salted snail,<sup>7</sup> knowing that in it lurks some ghastly Most Unforgettable Man I Ever Met.<sup>8</sup>

Slightly, but not much, better than the footnotes which jerk your eye to the bottom of the page are those which are lumped together somewhere in the back of the book. These allow of continuous reading, or at any rate are supposed to, but it is only a man of iron will who, coming on a (6) or a (7), can keep from peeping at the end to see how it all comes out. This involves turning back to ascertain which chapter you are on, turning forward and finding yourself in the Index, turning back and fetching up on Sources and only at long last hooking the Notes; and how seldom the result is worth the trouble. I have just been reading that bit in Carrington's *Life of Rudyard Kipling* where Kipling and his Uncle Fred Macdonald go to America and Kipling tries to get in incog and Fred Macdonald gives him away to the reporters. When I saw a (7) appended to this I was all agog. This, I felt, is

going to be good. I shall hear in detail, I told myself, what Kipling said to Fred Macdonald about his fatheadedness and pick up some fine new adjectives.

Here is (7) *in toto*:

"F. W. Macdonald."

If that is not asking for bread and being given a stone, it would be interesting to know what it is. The only thing you can say for a footnote like that is that it is not bunged in, as are most footnotes, just to show off the writer's erudition, as when the author of—say—*The Life of Sir Leonard Hutton* says:

It was in the pavilion at Leeds—not, as has sometimes been stated, at Manchester—that Sir Leonard first uttered those memorable words "I've been having a spot of trouble with my lumbago."

and then with a (6) makes you look at the bottom of the page, where you find

Unlike Giraldu Cambrensis, who in *Happy Days at Bognor Regis* mentions suffering from mumps and chicken-pox as a child but says that he never had lumbago. (See also Cæcilius Status, Dio Chrysostom and Abu Mohammed Kasim Ben Ali Hariri.)

Which, of course, is intolerable.

But how, you will ask, is this evil to be stamped out? I would suggest the use of dialogue. Nothing brightens up a page like a bit of dialogue. These books are usually dedicated to someone—as it might be "My Friend, John Smith"—and nothing could be simpler than to bring John Smith into the act. Take the case of the man I was talking about just now, the one who keeps bound volumes of the *Reader's Digest* on his shelves.

*This Bloke*: See the *Reader's Digest* for April 1940.

*Smith* (popping up): See what?

*The Bloke*: the *Reader's Digest*.

*Smith*: Never heard of it.

*The Bloke*: Well, be that as it may, there's something in the April 1940 issue that adds interest to what I'm saying.

*Smith*: And what you're saying certainly can do with a bit of interest. All right, shoot. What does the April 1940 issue of the *Reader's Digest* say?

And then you get it. I think this would work. It is certainly a lot better than defacing the page with these unsightly blemishes.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I do a lot of thinking.  
<sup>2</sup> Cp "Some villain hath done me wrong."  
—*King Lear*, by Ibid, Act One, Scene Two.  
<sup>3</sup> Greenwich mean or, in America, Eastern Standard.

<sup>4</sup> Hymns A. and M.

<sup>5</sup> One of the Saratoga, N.Y., Sullivans.

<sup>6</sup> A light baritone.

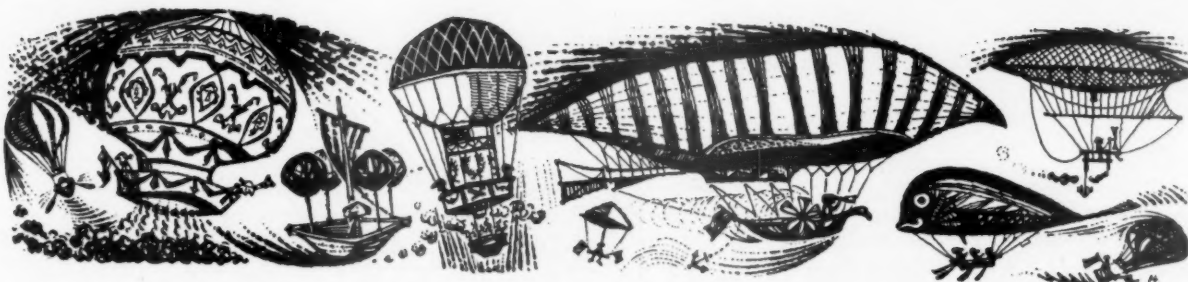
<sup>7</sup> Snails creep unwillingly to school. See Ibid's *As You Like It*, Act Two, Scene Seven.

<sup>8</sup> They call these Unforgettables. "We would like you," they write, "to do us an Unforgettable for our next number."



ROY DAVIS

<sup>9</sup> Footnotes.



## The Customer Is Always Right

By CHARLES GARDNER

To Juan Corty,  
The General Manager,  
Nonsuch Airlines

January 20th, 1956

DEAR MR. CORTY,—When your evaluation team was recently here, prior to your placing an order for two Marquis Type 106 airliners, you stated you would inform us as soon as possible whether you wished to have the 50-, the 64- or the 70-seat layout. You also raised the question of the club-lounge at the rear, the position of the galley, and the possible provision of a fourth toilet. As we explained to you at the time, the very early delivery date agreed for your aircraft depends upon your two machines being as close as possible in all respects to the Marquis Type 105, of which we are building thirty-five for Unrivalled Airlines Inc. With this important proviso in mind we would ask you if you have finalized your plans as it is imperative to put any necessary design work in hand immediately.

Yours sincerely,  
F. BROWNLOVE,  
Design Office Manager, Nonpareil Aircraft Ltd.

To Design Office Manager,  
Nonpareil Aircraft Ltd.

February 2nd, 1956

DEAR MR. BROWNLOVE,—We were happy to get your letter confirming early delivery of our aircraft. As to the other details, some of my colleagues want a 50-seat first-class layout with rear lounge and three toilets, while others feel a 70-seat tourist version is more suitable to modern traffic trends. We are having a Board meeting when our president returns from holiday at the end of next month and I hope the final decision will be taken then. Will you thank Mr. Larkin for his kind efforts on our behalf.

Yours truly,  
JUAN CORTY,  
General Manager

Cable: Brownlove to Corty

March 1st, 1956

Reference my three letters of January 20th, February 10th, February 20th imperative we informed by return your detailed layout.

Re-suggest you or we send fully empowered representative agree all details regards  
BROWNLOVE

Cable: Corty to Brownlove

March 10th, 1956

President away and cannot move matter also no staff spareable visit you and useless your man visit here until Board meeting regards  
CORTY

From Commercial Manager, Nonpareil Aircraft Ltd.

To Contracts Manager, Nonpareil Aircraft Ltd.

March 11th, 1956

Did we stipulate final date for Nonsuch to provide layouts in the penalty clause in their draft contract?

From Contracts Manager, N.A.L.

To Commercial Manager, N.A.L.

March 12th, 1956

Yes. "Not later than February 14, 1956."

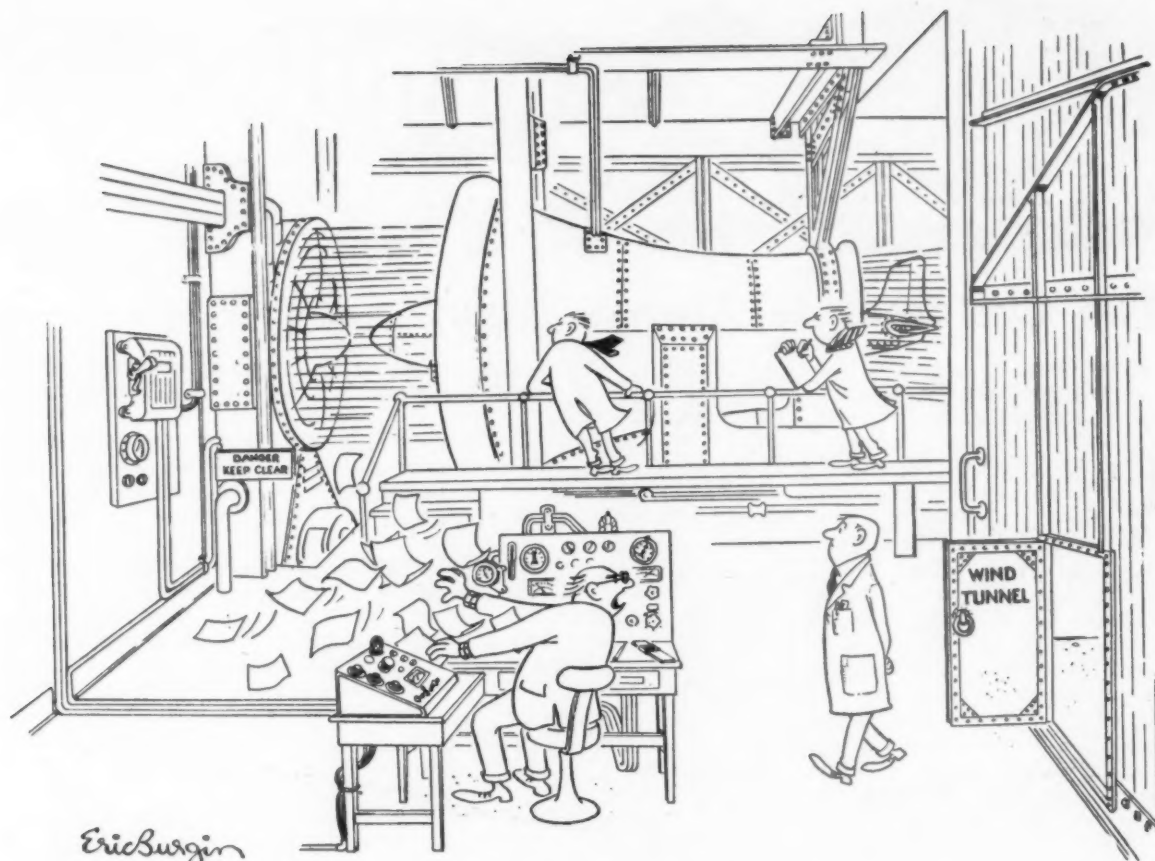
Cable: Corty to Brownlove

March 16th, 1956

'Phoned president as you suggested stop We now accept aircraft identical with Unrivalled Airlines standard machine



"... and this is our chief test pilot."



Eric Burgin

"Door!"

but would like folding air stairs carry-on baggage racks and Lucca radio instead Morton as earlier agreed also two-crew operation stop This acceptance of standard machine we hope will give even earlier delivery regards

CORTY

Cable: *Brownlove to Corty*

(copies SM. CM. Contracts Manager, P.M.)

March 20th, 1956

But air stairs carry-on baggage means addition weight penalty 500 lb. affecting payload stop Structural redesign necessary as Unrivalled fuselages not modified air stairs or two-crew operation stop Cockpit redesign necessary involving radio crates and delivery very adversely affected also five thousand pound increase price stop New contractual action required stop Suggest you rephone President meanwhile you in danger losing production line place your number one aircraft as final date layout mutually agreed was February 14th regards

BROWNLOVE

From Sales Manager N.A.L.

To D.O. Manager N.A.L.

March 25th, 1956

I am very worried about Nonsuch. True their initial order is for two aircraft only, but they may well buy up to five

more if we can help them finance the deal in London. Also their Marquises will pressure-cook Incomparable who run on some of the same routes and may be customers for up to a dozen. I still think we should fly Horton out to see them regardless of their cable of March 10th.

From D.O. Manager N.A.L.

To Sales Manager N.A.L.

Horton went yesterday.

Cable: *Horton to Brownlove*

March 30th, 1956

Forget air stairs carry on baggage two crew but they now want seventy-seat two-galley and repeat and four-toilet stop Saw airborne radar pamphlet Cortys desk fear worst stop Super Aircraft Inc. working hard offering three Skykings nine months delivery providing exactly same as hundred Skykings now building for Colossal stop Please wire further fifty pounds worth currency

HORTON

Extract from "Observer's" column in *World Air Digest*, April 3rd:

"Watch British lose out in deal with Nonsuch although two Marquises already believed contracted. Reason—delivery



programme already slipping and Nonsuch reading small print in contract for escape. They now know they can have Skykings earlier."

Extract from London *Daily Bugle* leader of April 6th:

WHAT IS WRONG IN THE AIR?

Once again there are sad rumours that Britain is miffing its chances in world aircraft markets. What is needed is a new outlook—100 per cent sales drive—men at the top who agree with the "*Daily Bugle*" that Britain must show the world what initiative and guts can do. The new Minister has already proved himself quite incompetent to cope with . . .

Cable: *Horton to Brownlove*

April 6th, 1956

Have now agreed with president Nonsuch accept standard Unrivalled type layout which completely suitable their routes stop He says that always his intention and Corty misunderstood stop He insists Lucca radio as proposing re-equip all fleet Luccawise stop His brother agent for Lucca stop Realize this means some alterations but in view we already done design study Lucca crating hope original delivery still meetable stop Corty asked Supers for airborne radar undervying refuelling slipper tanks and Lucca so they now homegone stop Returning flight six one Wednesday tell wife  
HORTON

From Commercial Manager, N.A.L.

To Contracts Manager, N.A.L.

April 10th, 1956

Horton agreed the final Nonsuch spec and a contract

amendment note can be drawn up. Delivery dates are unaltered. We must absorb any overtime.

From Design Office Manager, N.A.L.

To Production Manager, N.A.L.

April 22nd, 1956

NONSUCH

All drawings radio crating and runs delivered at 2,337 man-hours cost. There must be better ways of earning a living.  
F. BROWNLOVE.

Cable: *Corty to Brownlove*

July 3rd, 1956

President's brother now national agent Alpha airborne radar therefore essential our aircraft delivered equipped nose scanner and pilot presentation screen as per attached brochure stop Happy report all seats sold first Marquis services which advertised for week after agreed delivery so rely on you no delays regards.  
CORTY

"LEICESTER PALACE THEATRE  
FOLIES PARISIENNE

See — Nudes in the Waterfall — Daring Fan Dance

Virgin and the Devil

Sensational Dance of the Strip Apache, Les Beaux  
Mannequins de Parisienne, Continental and Oriental Nudes

OLD AGE PENSIONERS MONDAY "

Playbill

Any free 'bacca?



*Aeroplanes & Aeroplaning*

## A HANDY LITTLE BOMBER

### The New Ultramarine "Urtica" on Test

*From Our Flying Correspondent*

**I**N the long years that I spent as your Motoring Correspondent I used to complain that manufacturers could not seem to agree what the public wanted and give it to them. How much more practical, I thought, if some knowledgeable body like the A.A. issued a specification based on their experience of motorists' needs, and the makers produced a car to meet it.

Having last week turned my attention to things aerial, I now realize that this

would be a mistake. Aeroplanes built to a Ministry of Supply specification may be of different shapes, but they are boringly similar inside. How much the more delightful, then, to encounter an aircraft like the new "Urtica," a purely private venture in which the designer's imagination has been allowed to roam unfettered.

I had the pleasure of putting the "Urtica" through its paces recently. This latest product of a popular marque

will appeal to bombing enthusiasts who like something off the beaten track. It is a most attractive aeroplane to fly, and it is equally charming in appearance, especially when the wheels are tucked away in the tidy fairings provided beneath the inboard engines. Its enchanting lines are functional as well as decorative, being designed on the latest scientific principles.

The bomb-release falls easily under the hands, and so, of course, do the bombs! The bombsight provides a pleasantly wide all-round view that I found especially welcome on one of the few fine days we have been vouchsafed this summer.

#### AVAILABLE ELSEWHERE

The instruments are grouped in two tastefully-arranged panels each containing forty-eight dials. Although the "Urtica" is not complicated to fly, I feel that the makers might try to cut down on these in future models, especially as I am almost sure that some of the instruments were duplicated, one on each panel, surely an inexcusable piece of carelessness. There is no cubby-hole or locker in the panel, but so much space is available elsewhere that this hardly matters.

If I have any criticism, it is that the trigger for the rear machine-gun is slightly uncomfortable to get at when flying upside-down, but in an aeroplane of this performance the tail gun is no more than a luxury anyway.

The "Urtica" holds four, with



DAVID  
SIMPSON

"They work out at a million dollars each, or six for five..."

#### NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will contain, in  
a section devoted to  
**MUSIC,**  
a coloured portrait of  
**SIR MALCOLM SARGENT—**  
the first of a new series by  
**RONALD SEARLE**

abundant room for baggage and bombs in a commodious bay beneath the fuselage. The occupants are accommodated in light aluminium bucket-seats upholstered in leathercloth (real leather on the export models), but I found that for anyone of more than average girth there was a tendency for parachutes to slop out untidily over the sides during tight turns.

#### ALL ROUND

Ejector seats are provided all round, a luxury not often encountered in this class of aeroplane. Other manufacturers take note!

I put the "Urtica" through a gruelling test on my favourite course and she took it as well as any bomber I have ever flown. The take-off occupied less than three miles, with full load up; booster rockets are fitted on the *de luxe* model at a slight extra cost, and these will be of use to pilots who do not have an airfield at their disposal with a runway of this length. 650 m.p.h. was soon achieved without taxing her too hard, and even at this speed there was a reassuring "push in the back" when the four throttle-levers were advanced.

Top speed was in the neighbourhood of 700 m.p.h. in the plane tested. The air speed indicator was 5 m.p.h. fast

at 680 m.p.h. Old Dashwood Hill was surmounted at an indicated 40,000 ft. without recourse to the after-burner; indeed it was hardly noticeable. It was a particularly delightful experience later on this fine afternoon to cruise at low altitude just above the "sound barrier" and watch through the capacious bomb-sight as the green-houses cracked one by one along our course.

Landing is delightfully simple, though the pressure necessary to operate the brake pedals might be a little excessive for lady pilots.

#### THINGS CONSIDERED

All things considered, the "Urtica" is one of the jolliest little bombers to have come my way for quite a time, and I congratulate the makers on having turned out an aircraft that will give pleasure to a multitude of pilots and bomb-aimers, and at the same time enhance our prestige in the oversea market.

FOR THE MECHANICAL: Four M.B. 693 turbojet engines each delivering 18,000 lb. static thrust at sea-level. Eight .50 Vickers machine-guns on swivel mountings. Four basic atomic bombs are fitted as standard.

PRICE: £1,250,000, plus purchase-tax.

#### SCORE SHEET

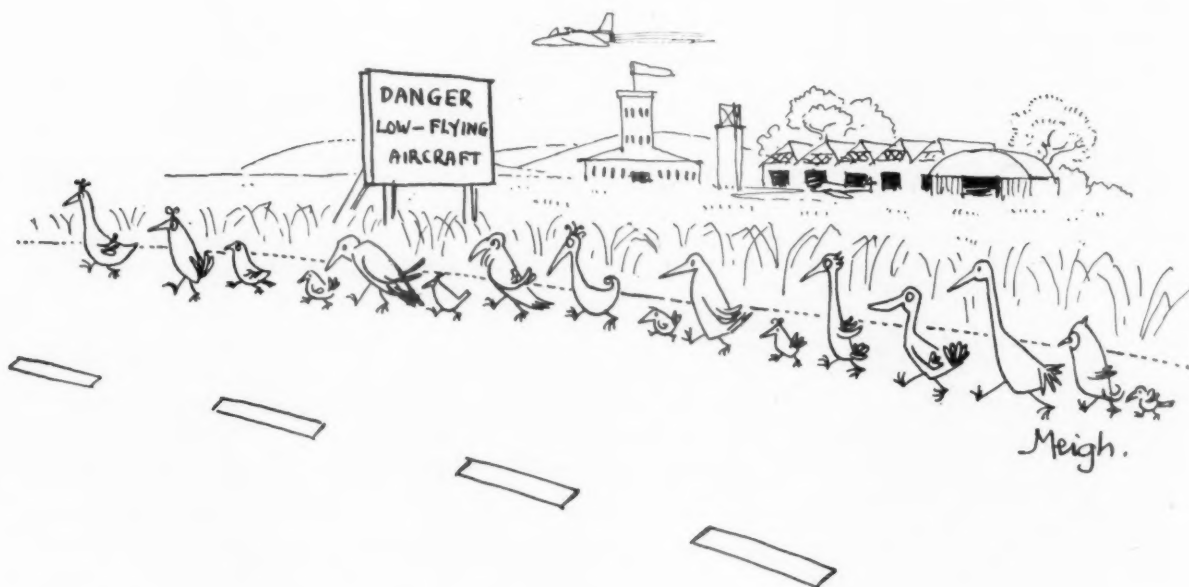
	Points (out of 10)	Remarks
Engines	9	Could be quieter.
Bombing	10	A real pleasure for once.
Armament	9	That awkward tail-gun!
Cornering	8	Tendency for crew to black out on tight turns.
Comfort	8	A little more room for the parachutes, please.
Luggage Capacity	9	Watch out your case doesn't get radio-active when you have atomic bombs up.
Performance	10	High, wide and handsome.
Finish	9	Slight but ineradicable smell of dope.

WILL IT FIT YOUR HANGAR? Span 180 ft., length 110 ft., height (to top of rudder) 45 ft.

SUMMING-UP: Better in it than under it.

NEXT WEEK: The D.P. 10C "Super-constellationmaster."

B. A. YOUNG



## NOVELTIES FOR NON-BUYERS

**N**OBODY who has seen it would dream of denying that the annual Flying Display put on at Farnborough by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors offers at least two of the three requirements for a happy afternoon. Noise and speed it has in abundance. But it is arguable that there is a lack of variety. A certain sameness is discernible from year to year, even at times from item to item. Those helicopters, for instance, one has seen before. And here comes Scottish Aviation's Pioneer again, looking as bonny as ever. Even this Canberra, though powered by R.A. 29 turbojets, soars upwards in a manner strongly reminiscent of the one last year that had (was it?) R.A. 28s. Presently, to be sure, we shall see the English Electric P1; but meanwhile our old friend the Shackleton ("fitted with bunks for the crew," in case your eyesight is better than mine) lumbers past, and if that thing over there isn't the Handley-Page Herald 44-seat transport, fitted with four Alvis Leonides Major engines, my memory must be going at last.

Well, of course, one can hardly expect a brand new range of unheard-of aircraft to be trotted out every year. And, in any case, as the S.B.A.C. continually point out, this is not a rare show but a serious demonstration of what the aircraft industry is doing and what it has to sell. It is an affair for experts, preferably rich foreigners, with the general public admitted on certain days as an act of grace. Still, some hundreds of thousands of people do turn up every year without any firm intention of buying a Canberra, even with R.A. 29s. They pay their money, eat their hard-boiled eggs, and laugh at the commentator's jokes in an admirably

co-operative spirit. It ought to be possible to reward them with a shade more variety, and that without going to the expense and trouble of designing another half-dozen new aeroplanes.

A first faint step in the right direction seems, indeed, to have been taken this year. The "trooping demonstration" with which the programme opens, when a hundred men board a Beverley transport and, on landing, "demonstrate the speed with which troops can unload and get into action" is, I believe, quite

a new departure. So, as far as it goes, is the item "Rides for V.I.P.s"—though one fears that the spectacle of what S.B.A.C. cagily call "certain guests" taking a flip in *Heralds* and *Britannias* will be confined to non-public days. One hails these timid innovations. But, in future years, let there be more numerous and even more spectacular diversions of the kind to interlard the routine displays of aircraft in flight. Then the programme will begin to wear a less familiar look. E.g.:

### Item

### S.B.A.C. FLYING DISPLAY, 1957

#### 1. Conference Demonstration.

A hundred Foreign Secretaries, with their secretaries, will board six *Britannias*, with *Proteus* 755 engines, and demonstrate, on landing, the speed with which V.I.P.s can unload their portfolios and get into action round a table. (Disembarkation arrangements by Air Gangways, Ltd. Microphones by B.B.C. Photographers supplied by Newsphotos.)

#### 2. Gannet Trainer ... .. Fairey Aviation Co., Ltd.

#### 3. Busting the Greenhouse

Six Hawker Hunter Mk IVs (with Avon turbojets) will attempt to shatter a row of greenhouses from a height of ten thousand feet. Top marks for getting the big one in the middle. While the planes are getting into position for their dives, spectators will be able to watch a demonstration by tomato-growers at ground level.

#### 4. Pioneer ... .. Scottish Aviation, Ltd.

#### 5. Modern Air Transport.

A demonstration of the speed with which non-V.I.P.s can unload and get through the customs.

#### 6. All Those Helicopters Will Fool About.

#### 7. Mass Drop of Air Hostesses.

Forty-four picked air hostesses will fly past in the new Handley-Page Herald (fitted with ejector-seats for 44) and will be hurled out when the plane is over the arena. Air hostesses landing in the popular enclosures, who may find themselves in need of rescue, will fire their emergency rockets, and spectators will see them winched up into the air again by Westland Widgeons. (Parachutes by Annabelle et Cie. Engagement rings by Chartrier, Ltd.)

#### 8. Viscount ... .. Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd.

As 1956, but fitted with letter-boxes for convenience of passengers in the back of each seat.

#### 9. Pre-S.B.A.C. Flight.

Captain Knight's Eagle, Mr. Ramshaw (one Aquila), will fly. Commentary by Peter Scott, if he can get a word in. At the conclusion of the demonstration Mr. Ramshaw—or, if unavailable, Captain Knight—will be tested for structural weaknesses in an experimental tank.

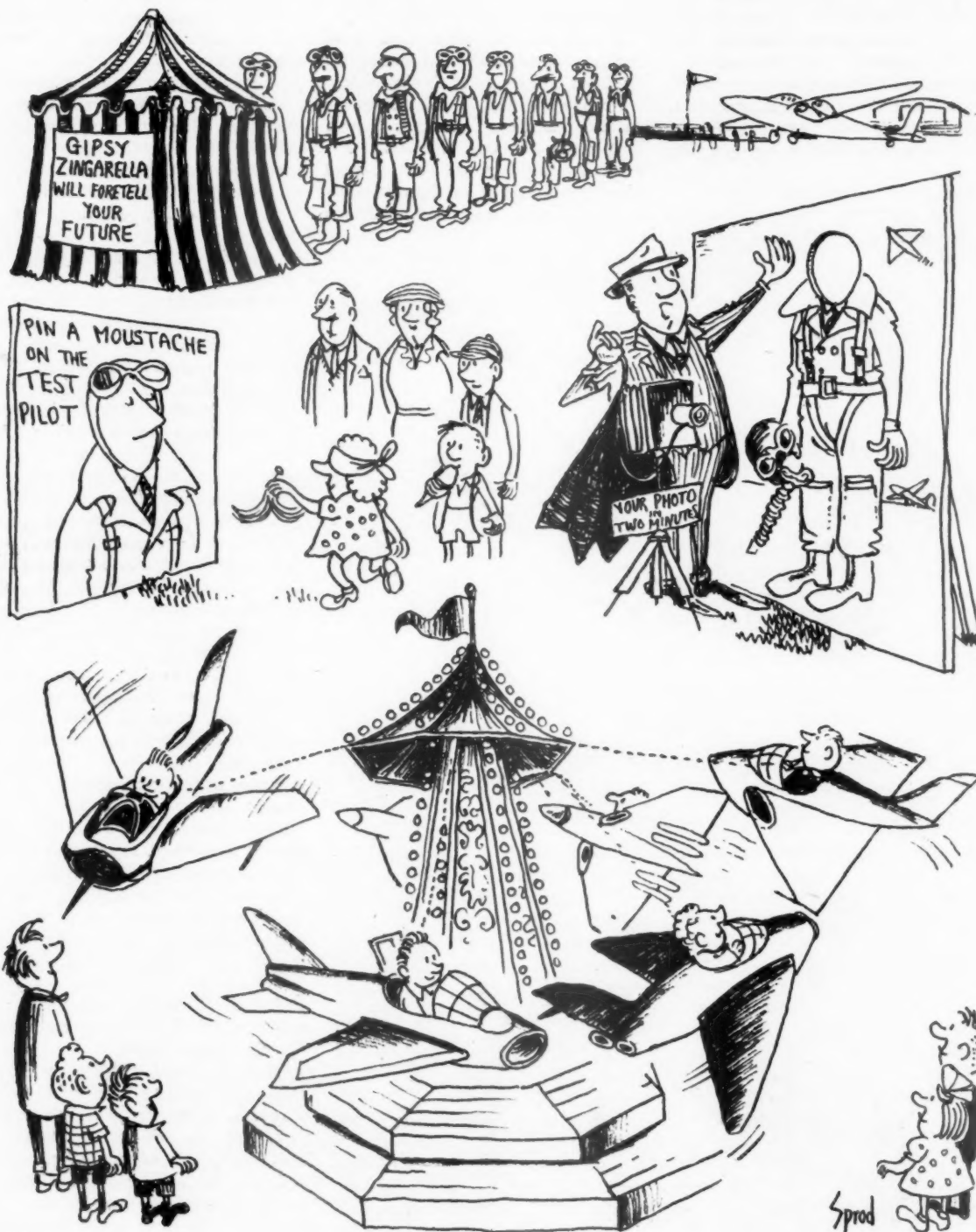
10. *Pembrokes, Herons, Gnats, Canberras, Hunters, etc.*, including *Something Too Secret To Land*. Fly-past by 48 U.S. Sabres and Thunderjets. Mass Protest by the Mayor of Ramsgate and others. Indiscriminate rescues by helicopters. The new A.V. Vickers-Handley Vomit (8 Limpopo turbojets type S 49 of 25,000 lb. static thrust) will fail to appear. Etc., etc.

*The second half of the Programme will follow, after a short interval for hard-boiled eggs (salt by H. F. E.)*





# AT FARNBOROUGH



# Ditching in a Fishless Sea

By ROBERT GRAVES

PABLO, the Directors desire this office to supply a little folder of simple recommendations for English-speaking passengers in the Spanish Air Service, that they may not drown. You have studied English with a professor for two years; I for one only. It is your duty to compose the text, no?

Well, it is certain that I am better qualified than you; but why should English-speaking passengers fear to drown?

In case that an Espanish plane should accidentally land in the sea.

It is illogical that such a plane should thus land in the sea, our Service having a 100 per cent record of absolute safety.

No one can deny it, Pablo; yet the Directors point out that planes of other lines often fall into the sea. For solidarity, they say, we must pretend that extraordinary precautions are needful also for us. The foolish passengers expect it.

I cannot see why we should pretend

that our safety is less absolute than 100 per cent, just because we feel chivalrously inclined to our foreign competitors.

Enough, this comes as an order from the Directors. We must accept it. Come, scribble out those simple recommendations. Start perhaps with a little philosophy. Improvise, man! Your imagination was never unfertile.

If it is an order, I obey. Here we go now!

*Prevision and an elementary knowledge of the ambient protect the man in his activities; ignorance, on the contrary, attracts, makes or increases danger inherent to all existing. In communities and regarding transportation, shows, sports, etc., rules leading to a better result are published by their representative organizations, always that these rules are kept wholly. To-day this is a must in the air services.*

*In the most improbable case of ditching, passenger's life depends upon his conduct as the crew know quite well what they have to do in such cases not only for their own reputation but for the Company's and in first place for the life of the passenger. How is that for philosophy?*

Not so bad. As for the practical side, let us presuppose some sort of life-saving waistcoat and one or two boats of the sort one blows up. We shall need to provide them, I suppose (what a nuisance!), in case the passengers demand tactile confirmation of this fantasy.

*Remember that with a few exceptions there is time enough to get ready in case of ditching and that the life waistcoats may keep afloat any person without danger even in the state of unconsciousness and dinghies are fit to hold overweight as well; they are inflated with great rapidity and revised carefully periodically. How is that?*

Not so bad. Now for the reassurance that there is no danger.

Oh, this accursed solidarity that breeds fears on the pretext of smothering them!

*In case of sinking passengers should know that the radio listening station on duty does not even miss the lack of reports and therefore the aid is immediate taking only a short time to come to the spot; furthermore the water the plane is flying over is not dangerous either by large fish*



or by extreme temperatures. Therefore the passenger, if following the instructions below and those supplementary given him from the cockpit with order and confidence, he will succeed in his own safety. How is that?

Not so bad. Now for the detailed recommendations. Improvise boldly, man!

*Should a ditching have to be faced the following instructions will be given to passengers. Take off your spectacles. Loose your tie and collar as well as belts, braces, etc. Empty your pockets of all pointed articles as pens, pencils, etc. Wear light clothes.*

But, Pablo, if they are already wearing heavy clothes and their light ones are packed in the hold?

So much the worse for them. Are you criticizing me, Pepe? Do you perhaps wish to write the rest yourself?

No, no, I have no literary talent. How could I criticize you? Please continue.

Very well, do not interrupt further:

*Put on the life waistcoat. Place the bulks under the legs and adopt the position according to the number of seat. Fix up your belt. Passengers before an imminent ditching should have to do the following. To contract hardly their muscles. To breathe deeply. To keep motionless and quiet until the plane is absolutely stop still.*

*Soon after this they will loose the belts and shoes to leave the plane by the nearest exit. When head and body have gone complete through the door or the window, passengers will pull from the inflation string of the waistcoat throwing themselves into the water without fear being sure they are safe.*

*Passengers should not worry if the transfer is difficult directly into the dinghy because the string with reel will be thrown to take them on board bearing in mind that this is an easy operation.*

*Do not disinflate your waistcoat until you are on the boat that will take you to the harbour; passengers must avoid slipping on the stairs rubber or wet wood to prevent falling again into the water.*

That is a very thoughtful warning, that last, Pablo. Recommend them also to procure sandwiches in water-proof boxes, also cough pastilles and hot water bottles, from the air-hostess, lest rescue be unaccountably delayed.

No, no, Pepe. That would be less



than reassuring. In theory rescue will come in two or three minutes, since in practice no accident can occur.

Very well. Now only the question of priority troubles me. It is clear that all passengers have equal priority since the fares paid are equal. But do the men go out first, or do the women go first? If we recommend the men, it will seem unchivalrous; if the women, it will seem as though they were sacrificed as test-victims. Better say nothing, perhaps, and let chance, quickness and nobility of spirit decide the precedence.

Naturally, the pilot and crew go out first to blow up the boats and fish the passengers into them. But better not mention even that, lest our Spanish employees be accused of putting their

own lives before those of the beloved passengers.

You will leave that question also open, then? Now what of children travelling separately?

*Children in the life waistcoat (not the breast-fed ones) should be left to persons keeping a better spirit and nearest the exit. Is that well put?*

Magisterially. And a word perhaps about invalids and the fat.

*Fat persons as well as invalids should leave the plane by the main exit but always letting the others to come out first. How's that?*

I am doubtful, Pablo. Both illness and fatness are relative conditions. Fat people love life as much as the thin and think themselves robust, while



calling the thin "emaciated." Can you imagine an ugly great cathedral of a capitalist's wife telling a slender gipsy dancer: "You go first, you will not block the door so much as I"? And the invalids—who will admit that he is such if the admission gives him less chance of life?

Very well, there will be no invalids. But fat people must have a low priority, I insist. If the sea were rough, they might overturn the boat while trying to struggle aboard.

But the sea is, in theory, never rough or cold or full of large fish. Nevertheless, have it your way! Imagine having to give precedence to my Aunt Curra, that calamity of fatness. Not only would a waistcoat of enormous girth be needed for her, but she would be sure to put it on upside down and back to front.

Your Aunt Curra, Pepe, would float like a buoy even without a waistcoat, and we could anchor the boats to her to keep them from drifting. What more shall I write?

Let each passenger sing his individual national anthem to encourage himself and show defiance of danger.

Might that not rather encourage international hatreds and cause confusion?

It is possible. Let us rather then recommend strict silence.

Very well. And for a finish, a little propaganda eh?

*Passengers should also know that Spanish Air Service whose results without accidents is so wonderful and yet so natural is trying to better everything regarding transportation and specially in connection with safety.*

Very lucent and cogent, Pablo! The Directors should promote you for this. But oh, that the fantastic and impossible might come to pass! That an Espanish

plane might accidentally land on the sea and that I might watch you, with your braces undone and your spectacles gone, holding one non-breast-fed baby on either arm, keeping a better spirit in your heart and breathing deeply as you throw a string with a reel to my Aunt Curra where she floats in strict silence, perhaps upside down, in the warm, calm, fishless Mediterranean Sea!

## Faster, Faster

THE simple but inquiring man  
Has read that men devour  
Great gulps of sub-celestial span  
At dizzying miles per hour.

Though simpleness is much impressed,  
Inquiry bulges through  
And asks if someone can suggest  
Some reason why they do.

It seems a rather doubtful boon,  
Visiting Lapp or Greek,  
To shake their hands this afternoon  
Instead of Thursday week:

Point A or B by nature sits  
Each in its separate place:  
With distance concertina'd it's  
A simple waste of space.

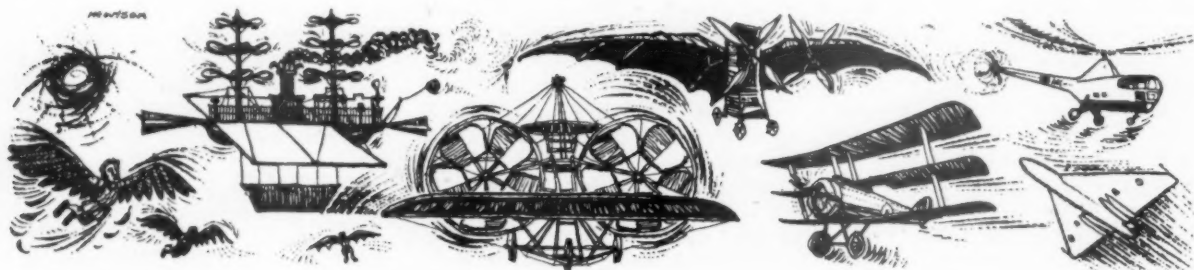
Their food and drink are rich and rare  
And (so to speak) all found  
But what's a dinner in the air  
To breakfast on the ground?

It cannot be a sense of speed,  
The sense of speed is nil,  
Or less than on that lesser steed,  
A bicycle downhill.

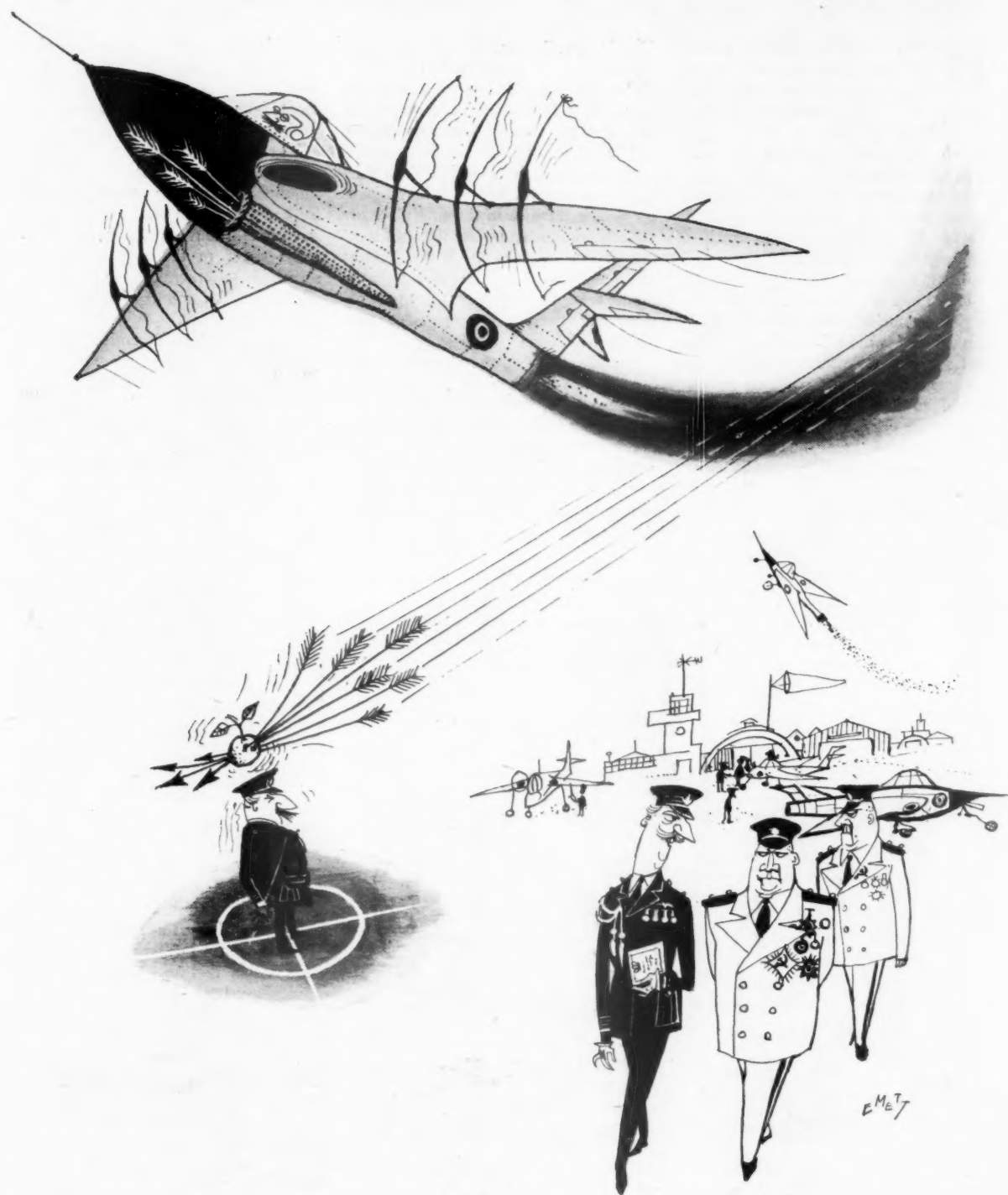
To hang in stratospheric calm  
While Earth revolves below  
Admittedly does little harm  
But what's it apropos?

Their answer is, it saves them Time;  
Again, there's nothing in it;  
Such self-delusion is sublime—  
They've never got a minute.

J. B. BOOTHROYD







"Of course, Marshal, our fire-power may not be quite as heavy as yours . . ."

# Very High

By CLAUD COCKBURN

RATHER, I always think, a useful tip was given me once by an American scientist who had studied the whole question of high buildings in relation to their being jumped off by people and said that what causes the damage to the jumper is not, strictly speaking, hitting the pavement at such and such a rate of speed but simply—I quote his exact words—"unduly rapid deceleration."

Worth knowing.

The more so on account of this gesture of world-famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright who has stimulated some—who shout "Better and better"—depressed others, and wearied others who claim they knew it was going to happen one day, so what?

As you already know, he has stated he is going to build a building a mile high. In Chicago.

And remember that Frank Lloyd

Wright, aside from being the best architect in the world—unless you take the view of that other chap who said that thing about him—is eighty-seven years old. In other words, he knows what the public wants. Buildings a mile high.

Furthermore, let's not get into this argument about whether F.L.W. gave the public the idea in the first place or the other way round—like the stuff that says if the *News of the World* hadn't mentioned sex no one would have thought of it—because this kind of thing has been going on since the Ziggurat of Babel.

The Ziggurat ("Tower" some people call it) was not, so far as historical evidence goes, technically capable of getting that high—apart from anything else, it was pyramidally shaped. And its only result was that, as a salutary lesson, a man who was speaking to a fellow-worker about the Home Secretary's

attitude to certain social problems—"Whore of Babylon" some people used to call it—found that his interlocutor now claimed to be able to speak nothing but German.

The project in consequence failed, and you had instead those smallish mud buildings which later served as models for houses made in bits, with screws on, and brought to the spot in lorries, which cause anger to those lovers of what somebody told them used to be the state of the English countryside before the pre-fabs got there.

You, as a big Executive keen on recruiting the right men for the right jobs on your world-wide staff, should not overlook the value of what is known as the Ziggurat Test in separating the wolves from the lambs.

The enclosed form gives the questions and answers.

Nearly five out of every eleven million people in the country—the fifth was three-quarter-witted—were approached by our representatives in a definitive nation-wide poll or sample and asked the question "On reading that eighty-seven-year-old Frank Lloyd Wright, noted architect, is proposing to erect, in Chicago, a building one mile high, what is your immediate and, if you'll not take the question amiss, unthinking reaction?"

A certain percentage replied that they "supposed it was something to do with income-tax."

One particularly interesting reply, widely quoted in the newspapers, was that of a man who said that if the building was indeed going to be five times as high as the Empire State Building in New York it looked as though the new structure would be "very" high.

He added that the United Nations should have been consulted perhaps.

He then started on a rambling joke about what would happen if there were a strike of lift operators—making one of those mad, bitterly arguable calculations about how does this compare with the distance, by horizontal transport, from Finchley Road to elsewhere, immortalized in film and story as *The Worst Journey in the World*.

This fell victim to a showery interval and was declared unfit for play.

Eighty per cent of those interviewed



"Couple of Bolshoi ringsides?"

—and this is true of almost everyone in the country—seemed unable wholly to dissociate the idea of height (in buildings) from that of leaps. Bitter quarrels broke out over the question of how many people had, at one time or another, leaped from the London Monument, the Scott Memorial in Edinburgh, and numerous edifices in Wall Street.

The inquiry elicited that the output, during August, of pictorial jokes based on the idea of what has been classified as "the imminent undue-deceleration situation"—seventy-two per cent of which included depictions of mountain precipices and ropes (frayed or fraying fast)—remained gratifyingly abundant.

The figures should not, however, lead to over-optimistic complacency, since it must be borne in mind that seasonal influences and certain non-recurrent factors were at work during the period under review. (Thus the market was able to absorb eight hundred and twenty-two pictures of Colonel Nasser dangling over a precipice marked "internationalization" above an abyss more or less clearly marked "bankruptcy." Certain foreign periodicals—unscrupulously exploiting their "freedom" from British-recognized considerations of "good taste" which hitherto have done so much to put British goods in the forefront of world markets—were not above using similar pictures showing, as "rope-figure" or "imminent decelerator," Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Foster Dulles and the Mayor of Eastbourne.)

Cutting squarely across the news from Chicago came word out of Moscow to the effect that the Soviet Government proposes to put up the highest building in Eurasia for the second time in twenty-five years. In 1932 British architect Hector Hamilton got £1,200 for the job. Probably owing to Stalin, the building—Palace of the Soviets—did not get actually erected, a masterly move which kept everyone guessing.

Non-erection of building, it should be noted, did not deprive anyone of the pleasure of indulging in bitter dissension over the character of the design—"unfunctional" was one of the words people used at the time—and all concerned had more fun than a Barry at a Barbican.

Now, with £9,000 on the board to lure the performers, the whole business



is about to start again. Commenting on the Lloyd Wright project a Russian architect said "So what is a mile? Eight-fifths of a kilometre as I seem to recall. Pfui!"

The fact is that pretty nearly anyone—particularly a man who has been eighty-seven years at the game and thus has an unfair advantage over everyone else—can build the highest building in the world, and much good may it do them. (There is no harm in it, of course, but there are other things to think about, let's not forget, at a moment when too many of our countrymen are filling in football pools when their grandparents would have been doing nothing of the kind, which is one of the reasons for our loss of prestige in the Middle East. *Verb sap.*)

In these circumstances it is good news that a man near Birmingham called

George G. George is well advanced with plans for building the longest building in the world. It is not high at all. Very, very low, in fact. But long. Exceedingly long. Well, if you imagine the Empire State Building erected atop Mount Snowdon and then put the whole thing on its side, you get a glimmering of an idea.

Later it is hoped to find a purpose for the structure.

"One-third of the school children of the I.O.M. take the school dinners provided in the Island's schools and the schools M.O. in his report says that 'in view of the high proportion of children who are receiving a good balanced mid-day meal in the secondary schools it is debatable whether there is much to be gained by also providing mink in these schools.'"

*Liverpool Daily Post*

It'll come, though.

# Not One of Us

By MICHAEL CAMPBELL

THAT statement from the Victoria and Albert Museum, that art students were bivouacking on the floors and slopping about the "lovely parquet" in their bare feet, reminded me that I once spent six months trying to discover whether or not the younger Pollaiuolo helped out his brother with the hem of the Virgin's gown in what (I sincerely hope) is one of the great masterpieces. I'm filling it in with a fairly broad brush, I admit, but that was what it seemed like to me.

The point, which I must say regrettably few people seem to know, is that there are two kinds of art student.

It's important. My colleagues—and I make this assertion myself only because I know they'll be too busy—were never seen anywhere in their bare feet. Blue jeans and sandals were absolutely anathema to us—as was, indeed, any form of creative activity whatsoever. We were studying the *history* of art.

It took me several weeks to discover where it was going on. Feeling particularly lonely one day, I walked over the whole building on tiptoe. I opened a door—and *that's* where they all were! You could have knocked me down with a Giotto.

The door was as old as the Adam

Brothers, and it made a sound like a cat on a hot tin roof. Every eye came up from the piles of very heavy books. I pretended, as best I could, to be looking for someone who wasn't there, pulled the door to with a screech, and had in a matter of seconds left the building.

I was the complete Outsider. I belonged nowhere. They were all forging through the quattrocento, and I hadn't even got to the one before.

(I see now that I should have said *why* I was doing this. I was to spend my life seated behind a heavy desk, saying "Take that Rembrandt down to the basement. I'm tired of it.")

Next day I crept back to the lectures, which I liked owing to the pitch darkness. Hem after hem, and garment after garment was flashed on to the screen, and the folds, it seemed, gave up their secrets. The lights went on, and the young man beside me, impeccably dressed I may say, exclaimed "I'm not convinced! Gentile da Fabriano used a much sharper line." Instantly, while I gazed at my "notes," there was a fracas about me. Voices, some of them girlish and impassioned, were crying "But in February, 1450, he was stone cold dead!" or "I beg to differ, Hilary—April!" or "I'm utterly convinced it's Melozzo da Forlì!" Then they all went upstairs to check, and I was alone.

It must have been about a week later that one of those "arranging" girls, a nice blonde girl but intense and with an extreme smile, approached me when the lights came on—mysterious, solitary me. I felt how interesting it must be for her to be the first to hear my voice, and as a result it came out very strangely. But she guessed I was saying "No thanks awfully" or something of the sort. Perhaps they had all been waiting for this moment, for at once there was a group examining me. The blonde said "That's the spirit," and we went upstairs.

They had evidently placed me satisfactorily, for when I entered the coffee room, trembling all over, no one looked. A different girl, heavier and more anonymous, filled a cup for me from a kind of tin barrel, and I stood and listened. "That was in 1403?" "No, 1402. He was in Rome in 1403." "Oh, of course." "But Daphne's gone





Correggio mad, I wouldn't listen to *her*."  
 "No, no, Benozzo is most important."  
 "Peter's looking glum. Still at grips  
 with Ghiberti?" The biscuits, I thought,  
 were remarkably stale for my two and  
 sixpence.

Then an older, kind man approached  
 me, to my surprise, and most tactfully  
 asked me my name. "But," he said,  
 "you're supposed to be in my group,  
 you know." "No, I didn't," I said.  
 "Dear me," he replied.

There were six of them, and each gave  
 an hour's discourse each month, and  
 in his kindness he was putting me to  
 the end. "Let's see now, let's see.  
 Pollaiuolo?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Pollaiuolo. *Not* . . . Antonio. But  
 Piero." And he tapped me on the chest.

So that was how I spent six months,  
 fully clad, wearing shoes and socks, as  
 well as a grey suit, collar and tie, in the  
 Victoria and Albert Museum.

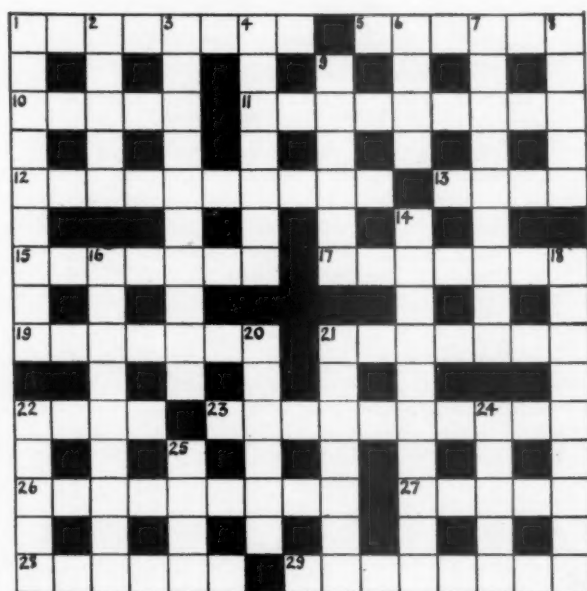
Unhappily, six months later to the  
 day I was taken with a heavy cold.



## Farnborough Crossword

### ACROSS

1. Cooked with some trouble and stirred to promote rising. (8)
5. The start of *Per Ardua*, peradventure. (6)
10. George, the pilot, turns back into Borneo. (5)
11. The termagants of 1940? (9)
12. The dance is a nervous condition of the study of flying objects. (10)



13. Steps less softly to produce winners. (4)
15. Craft that sounds like a sailor. (7)
17. Two branches of the forces include a worried sheep. (7)
19. Not the motions that the Mamba and Viper engines produce. (7)
20. Beg rice for this menace. (7)
21. How a short British poem may portend. (4)
23. The tune has everything in the present for a flying machine in the past. (3, 7)
26. Part of a play involving 7 or 27. (4, 5)
27. Put a ring in a prominent feature for a slipknot. (5)
28. Secure, if confused, perhaps by helicopter. (6)
29. Perilous journeys achieved without air transport. (8)

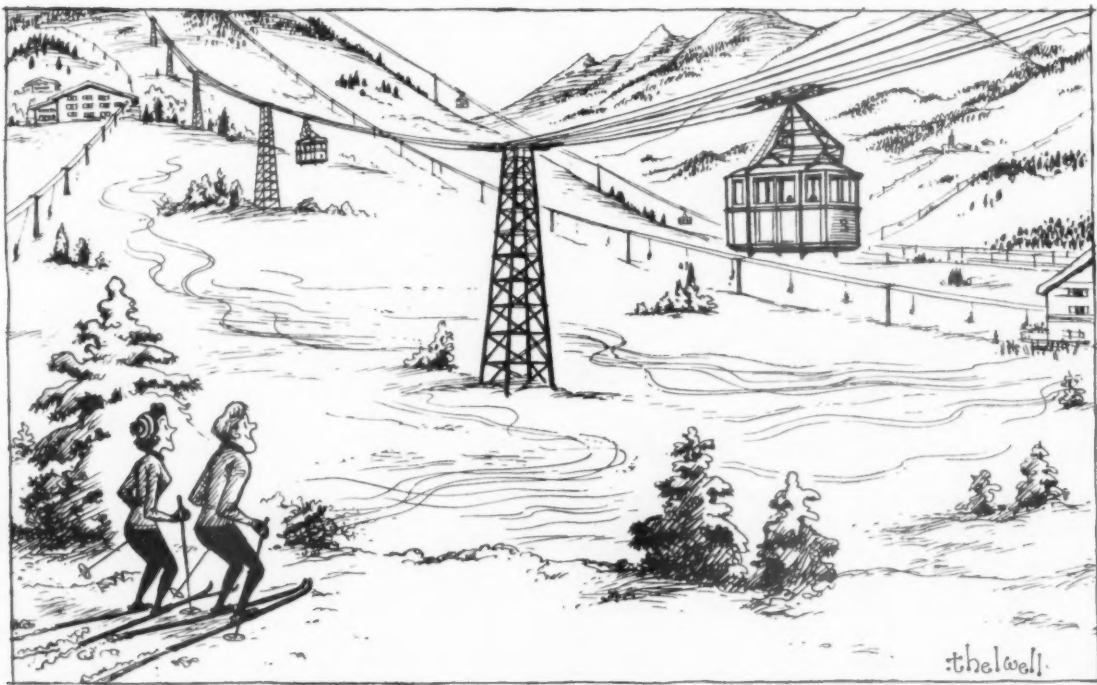
### Down

1. A wind instrument is riddled with vermin but they should be able to take off. (9)
2. Leo misses the revolution. (5)
3. They are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. (10)
4. Benjamin in the bottle. (4, 3)
6. Fits the Air Force to a T. (4)
7. Cut round the aircraftman and his accommodation and you are ready for a fall. (9)
8. Rushes without the bomb. (5)
9. Prince might produce this movement, more likely in the Army than the Air Force. (6)
14. Tap fifty planes and you'll find them in court. (10)
16. The court is in an old railway, on a direction for regularly ranked bodies. (9)
18. Muddled information in muddled prophet for craftsmen. (9)
20. Squadron Leader on the 15th but not this month. (6)
21. What to expect in 18 in bed? (7)
22. Bread for a famous fighter. (5)
24. Peps up the air, if not the Air Force. (5)
25. There was a use for him. (4)

*Solution next week*



*With the British countryside blighted by advancing civilization it is little wonder that so many people  
spend their holiday . . .*



*. . . abroad.*  
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### Commercial TV's First Birthday

IT is likely that Independent Television will celebrate its first anniversary in a modest way. The days of junketing are over and there is very little in the kitty for the works' annual outing. Moreover there is really not much to celebrate. From the facts and figures available—and they are few—it is clear that the programme contractors are all in the red. The total cost of programme transmission is known to be between £4,000 and £5,000 an hour, and revenue from advertising cannot yet cover the whole of this outlay.

Hard facts about the finances of commercial TV are scarce—and likely to remain so. The programme contractors have many interests, and like other large industrial and commercial units may not be anxious to disclose the precise accounts of each component of their empires. There is indeed something to be said for reticence when customers are fickle and growing pains inevitable. But the sealed lips of the accounts departments become suspiciously secretive when they are examined alongside the extravagant volubility of the publicity and public relations brigade.

The programme contractors' own advertisements have headlined remarkable successes in coverage, viewing figures, costs to commercial clients per thousand viewers, and the purchasing proclivities of I.T.A. households. It has been claimed that independent television has made the B.B.C. service an also-ran, that sets are tuned permanently to "Dragnet," "Gun Law" and "Double Your Money," that I.T.A. spots are the cheapest known advertising medium, and that I.T.A.-ites are forever dashing from their darkened rooms to buy up refrigerators, cars, detergents and washing-machines.

The facts do not quite support these assertions. In June the number of TV licences issued was about six millions and the number of I.T.A. sets (sets capable of receiving both services) was

one and a half million. Thus, if every I.T.A. set in the country were tuned to commercial television the B.B.C. service would still hold three quarters of the country's viewers in thrall. At the moment only 22 per cent of homes in the London area are equipped to receive I.T.A. programmes, and the figures for the Manchester and Birmingham regions are lower. But the most disappointing features of the I.T.A.'s development are the slow expansion of coverage and the marked decline in viewing figures during this wintry summer. To some extent the crawl can be attributed to the Squeeze, though it is fair, I think, to say that credit restriction would not have prevented the public from investing heavily in entertainment of really first-rate quality.

Advertising rates have fluctuated so rapidly that it is virtually impossible to compare the TV budgets of the various industries using the medium. In recent months advertisers have been allowed to buy time in certain specified screen

periods, and associational links are gradually being forged between ads. and programmes. This change brings the idea of sponsoring back into the reckoning. Sooner or later Sir Kenneth Clark and his team will have to decide whether sponsoring on the side is within the meaning of the Act, and whether an open sponsorship system *à l'Américaine* would not be preferable to our typical British compromise.

Meanwhile it is indicative of the commercial trend that the programme contractors have decided to omit all "balance" (reasonably intelligent or informative programmes as defined and required by the Television Act) from their peak viewing periods (7.30—10 p.m.). This, presumably, is a smart riposte to the Government's refusal to honour its promise of "culture money" to commercial TV. How much Authority has the I.T.A.? And has the British constitution ever created a committee committed to less work?

MAMMON

\* \* \*



### The Butterfly on the Weal

FARMERS don't exactly despise hikers, we just take nature as it is, we are more or less used to seeing their perspiring faces and their awkward knees; I sometimes absentmindedly count the hikers in a field instead of the sheep. And I always knock on my gate before I enter my field in case I should disturb a couple there in the throes of lighting their little bonfire.

If the hiker thinks there is a smile on your face he will order you off your own land. I am often tempted to take pity on his women, who with sore feet and heavy pack limp beside their mate and even pretend to enjoy the pace.

Outside my village is a trap for hikers. We catch them there like flies. It's a signpost which stands where three roads join. And each arm tells that its road leads to Putford. That's no joke on our part—one takes you to Putford Vicarage, the other to Putford Mill, and the third just to Putford. And there they will stand, with all their maps, wondering whether we placed the post

there to mislead the parachutists who never dropped—unfortunately, for if they had come here, many would still be lost in our lanes looking for the village.

Of course the reason why country people think hikers are strange creatures is because we have to do so much walking ourselves that we cannot believe anybody will do it for sheer pleasure. And in the country we know that it's necessary to keep our knees covered, for protection from briars and nettles.

However, yesterday I found a new type of hiker among my cabbage plants. He seemed to be grazing. When I reached him I saw he was peering into a little glass box into which he'd just put a small yellow butterfly.

"I knew that I'd find them here. Look!" he cried, producing another glass sepulchre in which were dozens of these pathetic butterflies.

"They're not very big, and now you've got them entombed there, what good does it do?" I asked.

He took off his spectacles and eyed me as if I were the lowest form of chrysalis. "Do you realize," he said, as he walked finally across my cabbages, "that the wings of this particular butterfly are used for lining human intestines after an operation? I have over £60 here," and he tapped his sepulchre, "more than the cabbages are worth, or the field."

After he'd gone I wondered whose butterflies they were, anyway. Apparently hikers are not such fools as farmers.

RONALD DUNCAN



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Army Mail

**Last Letters from Stalingrad.** *Methuen,*  
6/-

DURING the late war certain branches of the staff, in order to keep in touch with the morale of forces operating in different theatres of war, were from time to time circulated with collected excerpts from the letters of troops overseas. The question of what relation the words people write in letters, or elsewhere, have to the feelings of the writer is of course an exceedingly complicated one. No one with any literary experience can doubt that. To put it at its crudest, brave men do not necessarily write aggressive letters; and anyone who has done even a minimum of unit censorship knows how some trifle in the news, or gossip of the area, will turn up in almost every letter that is written in a given week; perhaps implying a quite erroneous impression of some general situation.

All the same, these censorship excerpts, whatever their practical use as conveying accurately the feelings of armies as a whole, were absolutely absorbing in displaying the thoughts and preoccupations of individuals. No doubt it was possible to present all kinds of different pictures according to the choice of letters; but, even so, it was one of those occasions when the lid was taken off and human beings in all their oddness were suddenly revealed.

I remember, for example, some African soldier, writing home to say how much he enjoyed the army, included the phrase "Even you, my dear father, have never been so kind to me as our sergeant-major."

These prefatory remarks are made merely to indicate that the circumstances of the material that make up the book under review are not so extraordinary as might at first sight appear; for a very extraordinary book it is.

Briefly, the story is this. When the

last aircraft from the surrounded German army at Stalingrad landed in its own lines, seven sacks of letters were impounded by the censorship authorities, partly with the idea of making an analysis of their troops' attitude towards the war, partly to provide matter for a military history of the Battle of the Volga. The latter was never to appear. Indeed, Goebbels rejected the book as bad propaganda. The letters were destroyed; but, before this destruction took place, the officer in charge of the



undertaking, Herr Heinz Schröter, made copies of thirty-nine of the letters which had particularly struck him. They have appeared in Germany and are here translated.

The fact that Herr Schröter made this choice from what must have been many thousands of letters obviously imposes a certain subjectivity on the collection. The flexible translation of Mr. Anthony G. Powell (not the same person, I hasten to say, as the writer of this review) adds inevitably an additional element of uniformity by being one

single person's phraseology, excellent though that may be. I make these points only to emphasize that the reader's first sensation is that he is reading a book of letters written by some immensely experienced novelist. The individual character of each letter writer comes over with uncanny clearness. The variety and clear-cut expression of human emotion is something quite out of the way; and is, I must say, deeply moving.

What a tremendous impression one gets here, too, of the German character! What would a British collection of letters written in parallel circumstances be like? Certainly very different from these; though no doubt many of the same points would have been made in our own particular manner.

There are most kinds of letter in the thirty-nine. The ordinary affectionate letter of almost every class, the husband whose wife has been unfaithful to him arranging a divorce: the man merely writing to a pen friend: the fatalist (this was, I think, my own favourite) corresponding at a high philosophic level with his friend the "*Hochverehrter Herr Geheimrat!*": the general's son, complaining that his father has landed him in all this mess . . .

The whole book only takes up seventy pages. Herr Schröter is obviously an anthropologist with a brilliant grasp of his intention. It is perhaps a pity that he did not himself supply an introduction, which would have added a personal touch. I think this book is something completely out of the ordinary "war book" class, and strongly recommend it to those who can stand their feelings being harrowed. ANTHONY POWELL

## Looking Back

**Morning.** Julian Fane. *John Murray*, 12/6

This altogether charming book has, in spite of dust-cover assurances to the contrary, many of the marks of a autobiography, of being the story of a childhood recollected in maturity. It is,



simply, life as it looks to a small boy in the last year before boarding-school which for Vere falls in 1938 and 1939. A lovely country home, tolerant if obtuse parents, devoted servants, freedom to follow his fancies through the long summer days, Vere's life seems enviable, but it has its shadows—an elder brother who only wants a good time and has no other interest in his junior, above all the dark threat of boarding school looming close, and his own sensitive and self-absorbed nature.

Mr. Fane has a gift of conveying atmosphere, for showing what people are by what they do with no comment from himself, but once or twice, as when he sends our little hero to his first school wearing long black trousers with his Eton jacket, conviction totters a trifle on her throne.

B. E. S.

**The Story of the Guards Armoured Division.** Captain the Earl of Rosse and Colonel E. R. Hill. *Geoffrey Bles*, 25/-

Armour having become "queen of the battlefield" in the late war (except in the jungle), with infantry reverted to prince consort, the decision was wise to make an armoured division from the Guards, who may be said to be the best soldiers in the world. The Guards Armoured Division fought for less than a year, having been trained at home expressly for the north-west European campaign, but in that time it gained historic renown.

Lord Rosse, with Colonel Hill's collaboration, has made an able record of its achievements. He knows exactly what to put in and what to leave out in this difficult genre of military history; and if he is given to horrid sentences like "its capture represented a very fine performance" and is somewhat mean with his maps, these are comparatively minor blemishes in a book that successfully communicates the greatness of the events it records.

B. A. Y.

**John Clare: His Life and Poetry.** John and Anne Tibble. *Heinemann*, 25/-

This book is in part a rewriting of the Tibbles' earlier biography, published in 1932, and in part (especially in the last section dealing with Clare's madness) based on new material. Mr. and Mrs. Tibble dissect the work and character of the peasant poet with tact and patience, guided by love. They are not professional literary critics, but their insights are almost always shrewd, as when they speak of Clare's "three preoccupations, freedom, love, and joy," or analyze the profound originality of his later work.

As biographers, however, they do lack a sense of drama. Although this book is much shorter than their original life, there are places where one longs for a little less meticulous recording of events, and a little fuller interpretation of Clare's state of mind. What forces in his nature, and what pressure of personal relationships, led this mild, friendly, unassuming man to the asylums in which he lived for

a quarter of a century? That, for a biographer, is the problem of John Clare, and it will hardly do to murmur "manic depressive" and leave it at that.

J. S.

**The Witch and the Priest.** Hilda Lewis. *Jarrols*, 12/6

This unusual novel, set in the early seventeenth century, takes the form of a discussion between an old parson who had helped to hang two girls as witches and the ghost of their mother, a dead witch floating unshriven, neither in Heaven nor Hell. The parson is gentle, strong in faith but uneasy in conscience; the ghost eager to be absolved, but believing it impossible. To make him understand how poverty had led to the coven she tells her whole history, from the first dark ecstasies of the Sabbath to the final miseries of Lincoln gaol.

In the spirit of the time Miss Lewis accepts the absurd and revolting paraphernalia of witchcraft. This is not a pretty story. Its theological debate runs slowly, but the gradual softening in the relationship of the debaters is cleverly handled, and the book grows in power to an impressive end. In the ghost's description of a Jacobean prison there is the force of Elizabeth Fry.

E. O. D. K.

## AT THE PLAY



*Mother Courage and Her Children—Trumpets and Drums* (PALACE)

*No Time for Sergeants* (HER MAJESTY'S)

*The Baikié Charivari* (UNIVERSITY, EDINBURGH)

*Mr. Bolfry* (ALDWYCH)

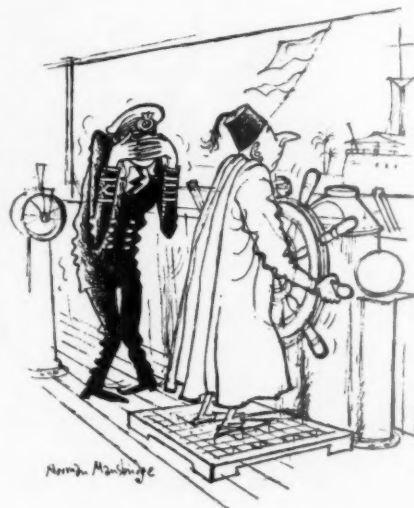
THE first point that emerges from the visit of the Berliner Ensemble is that the famous Brechtian juggling trick of alienation hasn't come off. In his heavily subsidized theatre in East Berlin—subsidized, needless to say, not for fun—Brecht's job was to keep the workers well primed on the wickedness of Western government. They were to be made to think before they felt, and to this end his actors were supposed to identify themselves with the audience rather than with the characters, shattering romantic illusion by a stark refusal to convey emotion. Fortunately for its reputation his company is too good to be confined within any Marxist theory of art; it cannot help the creation of illusion, as it cannot help touching us. The extravagant claims which have been made for it ignore the Barrault company in Paris, which all-in-all has more individual distinction and is just as well produced; but theories aside, these visitors provide a rare pleasure.

*Mother Courage and Her Children*, Brecht's own work, is by no means a great play. It is scarcely a play at all, but a kind of folk panorama, a relentlessly earthy peasant morality, episodic, filled

out with trivial business, and much too long; all the same its effect in the powerful simplicity of this production is surprising. Mother Courage herself, a spirited old trollop following the troops in the Thirty Years War with her wagon stuffed with schnapps and comforts, and losing her three children, until in the end, a broken crone, she totters away alone in the shafts, supplies in the Brechtian concept not a heroine but a comment on the perversions of war and on the neatly packaged doctrine that in history "the common man must bear the load." In fact, of course, no such abstractions can rob her of sympathy, and sometimes she is strangely moving.

Visually lovely, the production is pared to the bone. Its few scenic effects are masterly; their black-and-white scale is unvaried until, with the ravishing of the dumb daughter, we get the colour of blood. The almost empty stage, brightly lit, is backed by a semi-circle of cream fish-net curtain. The wagon, solid and realistic, dominates everything; when we first see it the two sons are dragging it smartly against the revolving stage. War is squalid, and therefore the two white curtains cutting off the stage are ripe for the laundry. This seems a silly quirk of expressionism (most of Brecht's ideas were old hat, stemming from the 'twenties), and another is the military mobile that descends to preface the songs. The music is resolutely cacophonous; so, I suppose, they would say, is war.

But the really exciting thing is the acting, teamwork of a very high standard. Speech, mime, ease, timing—these players have all the weapons. Two performances are tremendous. As Mother Courage, Brecht's widow, Helene Weigel, grows scarifyingly old and battered, not with wigs and powder but simply in face and posture; the racked smile with which she refuses to identify her son's body is unforgettable, and surely



torpedoes all the pretty nonsense of alienation. So does the other memorable piece of acting, the daughter, a grunting tub of a creature given disturbing tragic force by Angelika Hurwicz.

The second play, *Trumpets and Drums*, has been adapted anonymously from *The Recruiting Officer*, but little of Farquhar remains. The period has even been pushed on to the American War of Independence in order to get a better smack at colonialism. For the sake of enlightening the struggling masses the greed, licence and callousness soft-pedalled in Restoration drama are hit for all they are worth in a rampageously farcical production. Not Farquhar but fun, and the naivety of the distortions is in itself childishly winning. Again the decoration, most of it in flat black-and-white curtains suggesting engravings, is beautiful; and again the acting has been polished and polished until it shines.

After, to me, the miseries of that lamentable bag of old tricks, *The Threepenny Opera*, these further examples of Brecht's theatre are by comparison blessedly sensible.

Which leaves room only for notes. *No Time for Sergeants*, by Ira Levin, follows the well-worn track of the innocent recruit who gums up the military machine, in this case American, with the pure gold of his intentions.

Barry Nelson plays him with more charm than the piece deserves, and Leslie Dwyer and Timothy Bateson also help to mask a melancholy thinness. Neither shouting nor elaborate staging can be any substitute for wit.

Mr. Bolfry is Bridie at his most inventive and amusing, and in a capital revival it comes undimmed from the war period, when many must have missed it. The major devil summoned to a Highland manse by a group of young people in rebellion against their Wee Free host turns out to have preached in North Berwick a few centuries earlier and to be Alastair Sim, the very man for subverse theology at one o'clock in the morning. His opponent, Duncan Macrae, is Scotland's cleverest comedian, here perfectly dead-pan, and between them they strike outsize sparks in an argument which Bridie never bettered. The play has cunning shape, Mr. Sim's production purrs, and Sophie Stewart and George Cole are in a shrewdly picked cast. Strongly recommended.

And on the fringe of the Edinburgh Festival is Bridie's last play, and one of his poorest, *The Baikie Charivari*, presented with affection by the Edinburgh University Dramatic Society. He was trying to do too many things at once, and though towards the end comes a good discussion on the ills of modern life, we

first have to plough through the adventures of a knighted Empire-builder who retires with improbable eagerness to a Clydeside suburb where he is plagued, among other things, by witches, the Devil and the stupidity of his own family. Any similarity to Punch or Pontius Pilate is strictly dragged in.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE BALLET

American Ballet Theatre

(COVENT GARDEN)

ALTHOUGH few of the choreographers of the American Ballet Theatre are American—Agnes de Mille, Eugene Loring and Jerome Robbins are exceptions—and many of its dancers have been recruited from disbanded ensembles with a Russian core, the company has acquired its own distinctive style and character. Dr. Amberg, the historian of American ballet, has pointed out how ballet artists in U.S.A. unconsciously and instinctively transform foreign matter into American matter.

This can be a disconcerting phenomenon in a classical ballet, such as *Les Sylphides* or *Giselle*. It is all too evident that the style has been influenced, in Lincoln Kirstein's words, by "basketball courts, track and swimming meets and junior proms."

The company is seen at its best in such an epic story as Loring's *Billy the Kid*, a genuine American classic of pioneering days to a score by Aaron Copland which is both nostalgic and imaginatively exciting. In this John Kriza carries off the chief honours in what is essentially a triumph of team work. He is also again the leading seaman in Robbins's high-spirited comedy *Fancy Free* depicting three matelots' night ashore in New York. Within its modest limits this is becoming another new world classic.

Nora Kaye is unsurpassed in tragic roles, as witness the sustained tension of her wonderfully felt and expressive performance in *Fall River Legend*, based on the famous murder trial of Lizzie Borden. The more unexpected, therefore, were the sparkle and wit which she brought to her portrayal of the operetta star who heightens the frolics of Anthony Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld*, a work new to London. Offenbach has been rather roughly handled by David Simon, but his music lends itself to the musical collaborator of any choreographer who aims at creating a champagne atmosphere. The scene of the ballet is laid in a fashionable café in Paris of the eighteen-seventies. All the stock figures are there, from the penniless painter to the grand duke, from the ingenuous débutante to the ladies of the *demi-monde*. But the trifle aspires to be no more than *divertissement*. Kriza is an imposing Excellency and a charming



Katrinn—ANGELIKA HURWICZ

[Mother Courage and her Children]  
Anna Fierling (Mother Courage)—HELENE WEIGEL

newcomer to the company, Lupe Serrano, is also seen to advantage.

Although the company's *Giselle* was a disappointment it gave opportunity to admire Erik Bruhn's dancing—he is the company's greatest single asset—and to applaud a much more satisfactory ending to the ballet than that to which we are accustomed. *Giselle* is no longer carried to a new grave but is withdrawn into the tomb from which we saw her emerge, her last gesture, most poetically done by Nora Kaye, being of benediction on the prostrate Albrecht.

The appearance of Agnes de Mille as The Priggyish One in her own *Three Virgins and a Devil* was most entertaining. Lucia Chase, one of the two directors of the company, was another of the virgins, and Enrique Martinez a stylish Devil. Respighi's music and the dresses by Motley contribute greatly to the polish which the slender work has recovered.

C. B. MORTLOCK



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Bad Seed*  
*D-day the Sixth of June*

AT its second remove from the original, *The Bad Seed* (Director: Mervyn LeRoy) shows very marked signs of its first. I didn't know either the novel by William March, or the play that was adapted from it by Maxwell Anderson; but the film (screenplay by John Lee Mahin) still strongly suggests the stage. The predominance of interior scenes, and indeed scenes in the same room; the way the plot is developed by characters who for one reason or another come to the room; the very often lateral grouping of those characters when they are there; the importance of dialogue—all these characteristics and others make one think of a play.

The interesting thing is that in this instance it doesn't seem to matter. Up to a point, this may be because all the usual cinematic devices are used to vary the visual impression and keep the eye's interest alive: in a group talking, the camera follows anyone who moves away, a few scenes are moved to other rooms in the house or in the garden, and so forth. But the main reasons are the compelling grip of the central idea, the fact that the dialogue is in any event literate and worth listening to, and (perhaps above all) the strength of some of the acting.

By this time probably everybody knows the theme: it concerns a child (Patty McCormack), superficially lovable, who in fact has "no capacity for remorse or guilt, no feeling of right or wrong," and who therefore is as ready to kill to get what she wants as she is to snatch it. The main dramatic part is that of her mother, and Nancy Kelly (in the part she played on the stage) is magnificent in her gradual and appalled realization of the real nature of the little monster she has hitherto loved. Most of the other characters are there to do little more



Rhoda Penmark—PATTY MCCORMACK

[*The Bad Seed*

than advance the plot, or provide more or less amusing explanations of the details of it; but I liked among others Evelyn Varden as the landlady, the amateur psychiatrist who once met Freud and has never recovered. The child Patty McCormack herself is a remarkable performer too.

The whole affair (I don't see much point in our being asked not to reveal the "surprise ending," but I won't reveal it) is most absorbing, and even the fact that after the fade-out the cast are brought on one by one to take their bows, as if to reassure us that it was all nonsense really, cannot break the spell.

There are many interesting points about *D-day the Sixth of June* (Director: Henry Koster), one being that no film before, I believe, was ever so explicit about difficulties and tensions between Americans and British in this country during the war. To be sure, even so it's fairly mild; I gather that the original novel by Lionel Shapiro was very much more outspoken; but I don't remember a fiction film before that ventured even to touch on so uneasy a matter.

This however is a detail. The story is fundamentally a sad little triangle story: the girl (Dana Wynter) is engaged to an Englishman (Richard Todd) and later grows to love an American (Robert Taylor) who has a wife at home; on D-day the two men are in the same Commando action in Normandy, and the American is wounded and taken back to England without knowing that the Englishman has been killed. The girl, thinking of his wife, says good-bye to him in hospital without telling him this. Fade-out on noble self-sacrifice.

This basic theme is decorated with subsidiary incidents and scenes, mostly in London. A good deal of trouble has obviously been taken to get the war-time atmosphere right, and there are very few mistakes (one is a barman who pours out a glass of whisky on the bar, U.S. fashion). Visually (CinemaScope Eastman Colour photography, Lee Garmes) the piece is often striking; and there are many good performances, a notable one being Edmond O'Brien's as an exhibitionist American Colonel who is, as somebody says, "conducting a vigorous war to make General." As a whole, though it qualifies for all the deprecating adjectives usually applied to a slick commercial job, the film has plenty of good attributes, including the often critically undervalued one of being straightforwardly entertaining. No one need feel ashamed of having enjoyed it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: an entertaining piece of thick-ear (or rather bang-bang) nonsense called *Bandido*, with Robert Mitchum looking for money and trouble in revolutionary Mexico in 1916. CinemaScope again, and often visually pleasing. The unusual suspense story *Twenty-three Paces to Baker Street* (29/8/56) and the highly-coloured piece of U.S. history *The Great Locomotive Chase* (29/8/56) continue.

New releases include *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* (1/8/56), episodic and diffuse but continuously interesting, and *The Ambassador's Daughter* (15/8/56), an artificial comedy like those of twenty years ago, quite good fun.

RICHARD MALLETT





## ON THE AIR

"See It Now"

ALL too often screen journalism fails because editors are compelled to use virtually the whole of the photographic matter submitted. There is no elbow-room for skilful composition, for dramatic juxtaposition and pictorial emphasis: the story stutters from point to point through reels of mediocrity, and the commentary becomes stilted and windy in the attempt to plug the gaps and provide continuity.

No such criticism can be levelled at Edward R. Murrow's "See It Now" programmes, which British viewers are occasionally allowed to enjoy by courtesy of the B.B.C. and the Columbia Broadcasting System. Murrow's TV journalism is brilliant. He tackles the problems of our times objectively and dispassionately and yet contrives to inject his intelligent factual surveys with enough drama to keep cerebration and emotion in balance. His recipe for success is obvious: the script is terse and telling, the photography extremely good, and the editing ruthless.

The programmes "Report from Africa" (the second has not yet been screened over here) took ten months to make and were distilled from forty-eight hours of film. In fifty minutes (part one) we were given potted summaries of the economic and social dilemma in the Gold Coast, Liberia, Kenya, Rhodesia and South Africa—far too much, one might think, for the viewer's digestive tract. But the medley of scenes, leaders and problems was framed and held in place by a soundtrack of exceptional directness and clarity. And when it was all over it seemed to matter little that some detail of the story



EDWARD R. MURROW

[Report from Africa]

had been lost in the telling: the major message, the dramatic blinking awakening of the dark continent with the dawn of nationalism and democratic ideals, had been made abundantly and alarmingly clear.

British TV documentaries have made good progress in the last year or two, but they are still handicapped by inadequate resources. I hope that the B.B.C. will appreciate the significance and success of these "See It Now" importations, realize that the documentary is television's chief contribution to serious entertainment, and dip deeply into its accumulated funds to build a new documentary film unit.

Among recent TV plays Patrick Alexander's *The Condemned* deserves special mention. It was written for the medium and produced by Alvin Rakoff with dash and originality. The dramatic content of the piece is high, even gamy—the condemned cell, the last cigarette, brain-washing, brutality and the cynical

cunning of the stooges of fascism. Hollywood has done well with these ingredients, and so has television, and there is really nothing in *The Condemned* to lift it out of the ruck of post-war neuro-political thrillers.

The play was interesting because it gave us another fine performance by André Morell, who is admirably equipped in every way—troubled brows, weary grin, sensitive hands and the smooth tones of corrupt bureaucracy—to handle the role of an all-talking Torquemada, and because it gave Alvin Rakoff many opportunities to demonstrate his novel approach to TV production. On the whole the presentation was satisfactory. Film and studio sequences were mixed most effectively,

the lighting was better than usual, and the action was geared to the changing melodramatic mood without any disturbing display of artifice. My one criticism of the production is that the cameras were made to do their work from so many awkward angles. An unusual keyhole shot can be arresting and exciting, but repetition gives the game away and upsets the viewer's concentration. There were moments when we were invited to consider the predicament of the prisoner (John Westbrook) as seen through the crook of the prison governor's arm or from the bifurcation of his trousers, and were tempted instead to consider the mechanics of the operation. André Morell slowly climbs the number of steps required to give the camera enough height, places his feet on the chalk-marks and stands easy; and the suspense is shattered as the props and paraphernalia of TV suddenly dominate our thoughts.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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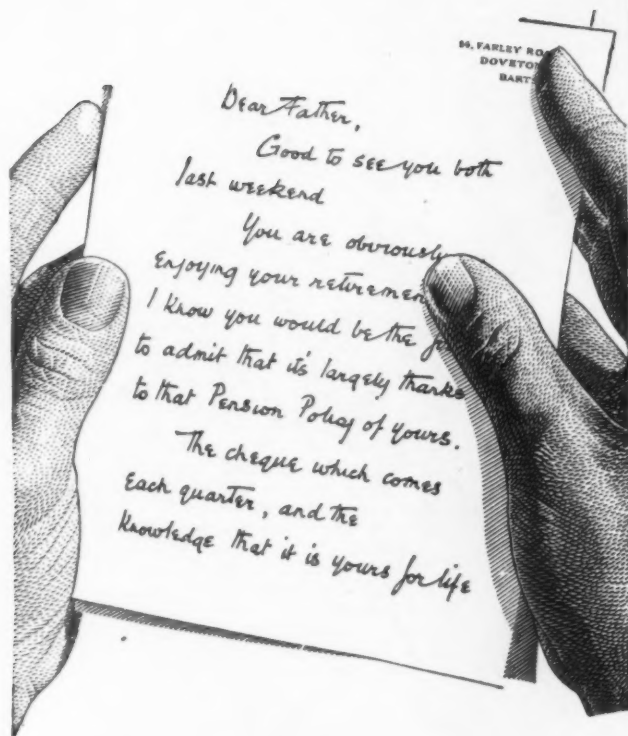
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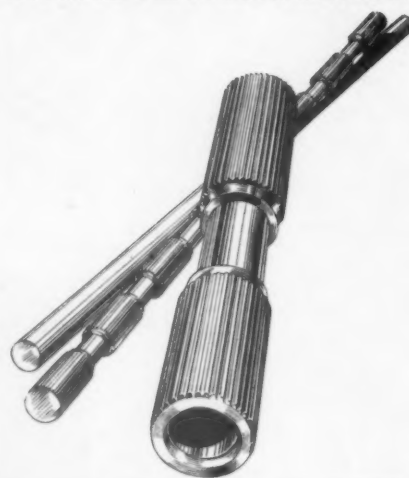
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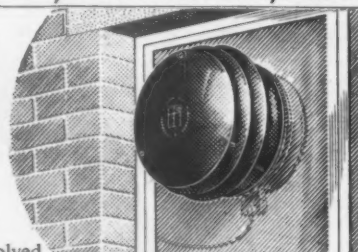
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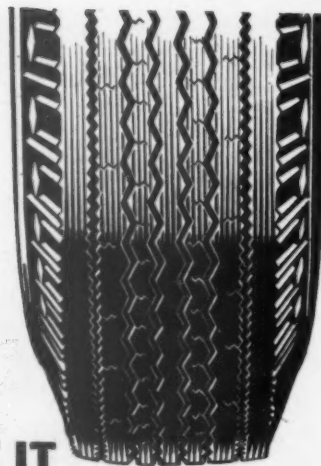
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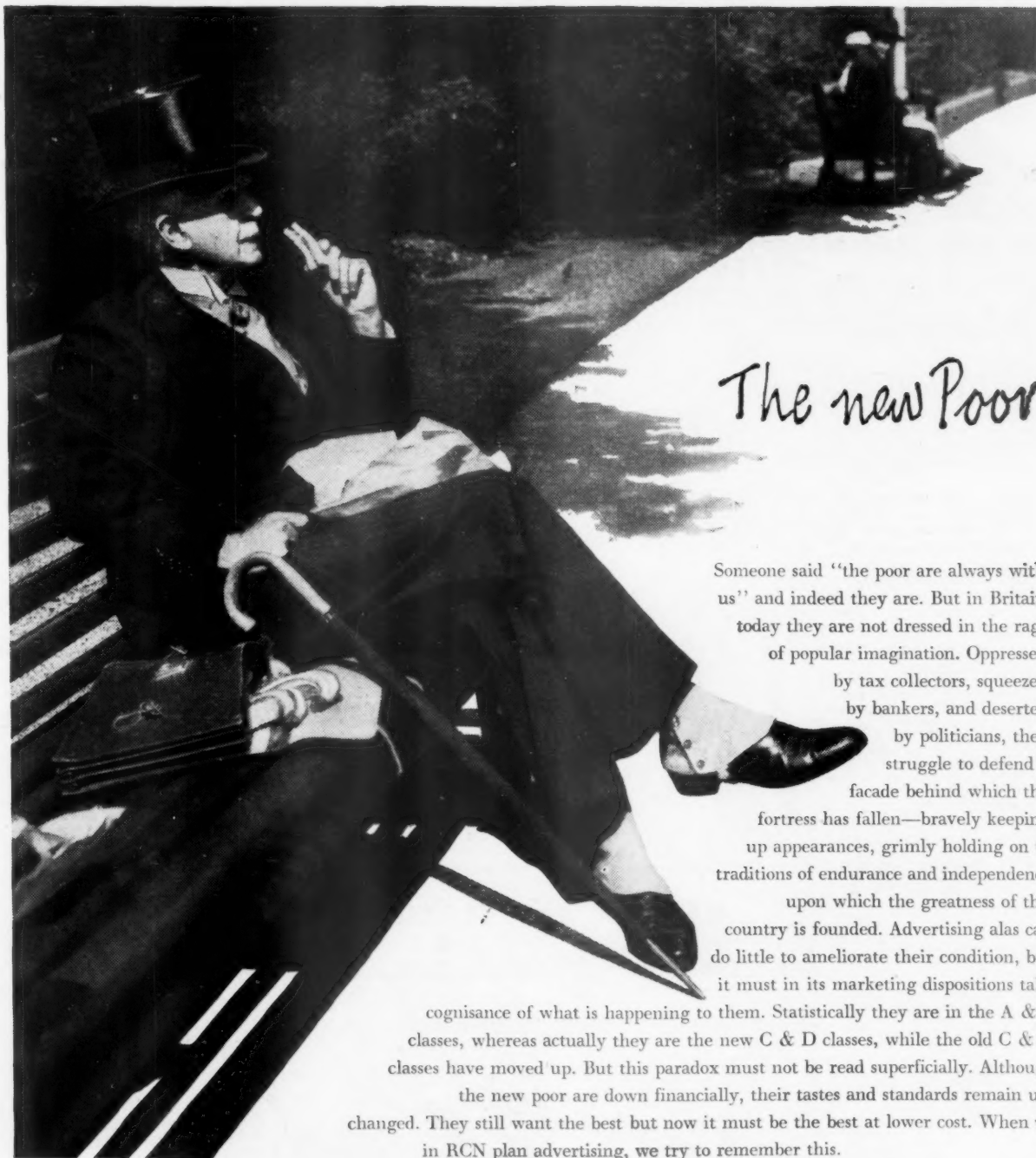


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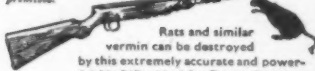
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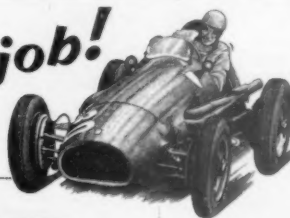
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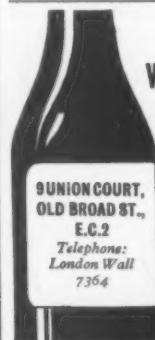
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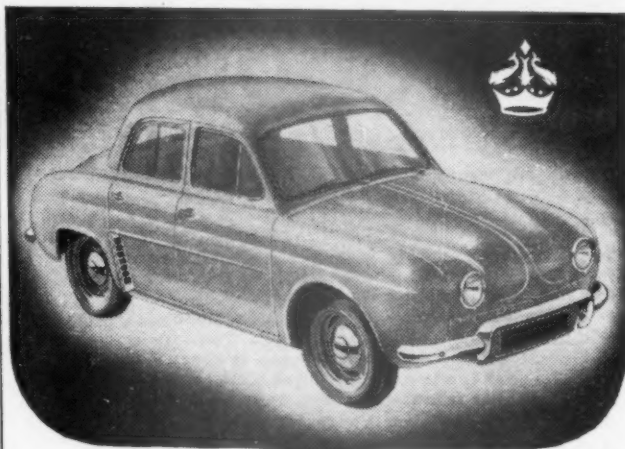
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